

AINSLEE'S MAGAZINE

JUNE 1900

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—*"America in the Orient,"* by Wu Ting Fang.—p. 396.

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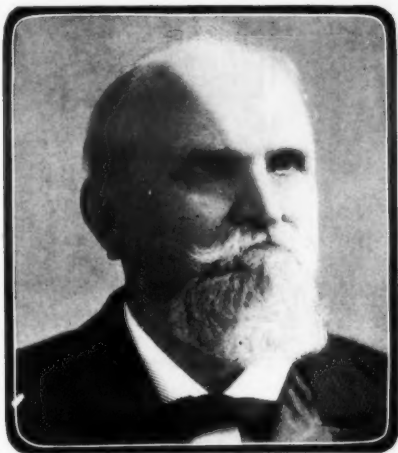
VOL. V.

JUNE, 1900.

No. 5



Senator Marcus A. Hanna.
Chairman Republican National Committee.



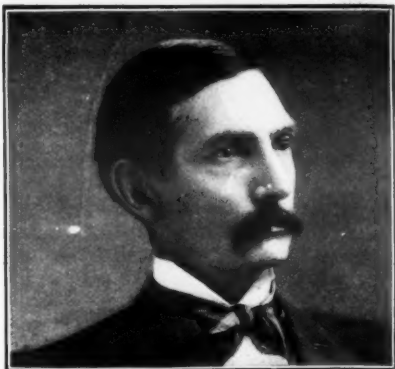
Senator James K. Jones.
Chairman Democratic National Committee.

Engineering a PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN By L.A. Coolidge

THE machinery of the management of a Presidential campaign has come to be as complicated and as exact in its workings as a great railroad system or industrial establishment. If one of the earlier chairmen could have had at his disposal the funds which are now handled by the committees of the two great parties he would have been at a loss to know what to do with them. In the Presidential canvass of 1864, when Henry J. Raymond was chairman, and there was for a time great doubt about Lincoln's election, money was subscribed generously by the patriotic business men of the North, and it was put to good use. But the sum

which Raymond's committee had at its disposal would cut a small figure to-day. When Grant was first elected in 1868 William Claflin was chairman. When Grant ran a second time in 1872 the chairman was Gov. Edwin D. Morgan, of New York. William E. Chandler, of New Hampshire, was secretary in both years. Some money was raised in each of these campaigns, and it was expended through the state committees in states where fall elections were held prior to the election in November. A generous estimate of the total expenditures for all purposes by the National Committee in either of these campaigns would be

\$200,000. In the memorable campaign of 1876, when Zachariah Chandler, of Michigan, was chairman, and William E. Chandler was at his right hand, the expenditure was even less than this. In fact, the great work of the National Committee in that year came after the election, when the electoral votes of Louisiana and Florida were



Ex-Governor William J. Stone, of Missouri.
Democratic National Committee.

saved for the Republican candidate by one of the boldest and most skilful bits of political strategy that has ever been known. The night of the election, after the returns from New York and Indiana had come in, the country went to bed in the belief that Tilden had been elected President. The next morning before daylight William E. Chandler arrived at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, returning from New Hampshire, where he had gone to cast his vote. Everybody about headquarters had gone to bed an hour or two earlier, leaving dispatches lying about the tables indicating Democratic success. Chandler had no idea when he left Boston the night before that there was any doubt of Hayes's election. While he was looking about the littered headquarters—three rooms at the Fifth Avenue Hotel—John C. Reid, the news editor of the *New York Times*, came in. Reid said that the latest advices indicated that Hayes was elected with 185 votes, and that the Democrats, who had supposed two hours earlier, that Tilden was elected, were beginning to find that he was not. Without losing a minute, Chandler sat down at a table, and with Reid by his side, wrote dispatches to leading Republicans in Florida, Louisiana, South Carolina and Oregon, declaring that with those states Hayes had 185 votes, and

was elected, and warning them to be on their guard against fraud. An hour or two later Zachariah Chandler came into the headquarters rubbing his eyes and learned what had been done. A dispatch was sent out all over the country signed "Chandler," "Hayes has 185 votes and is elected." Before sundown messengers were on their way to the disputed states in the South, W. E. Chandler making post-haste for Florida, and then began the series of events leading up to the electoral commission and the seating of Hayes. The Garfield campaign in 1880, with Marshall Jewell, of Connecticut, as chairman, and Stephen W. Dorsey as secretary, required a great deal of money, most of which was used in doubtful states which had fall elections. This was the time of political assessments on office holders when Jay Hubbell, as chairman of the Congressional Committee, was denounced from one end of the country to the other for the system then carried to its highest point of perfection of enforcing political contributions



Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge, (Rep.)
Junior Senator from Massachusetts.

from clerks in departments. Hubbell simply carried out the plans of men who were higher in the organization than he, the candidate for President being specially insistent on collecting funds from every available source.



Senator Marion Butler.

Chairman Populist National Committee,
1896.

Senator Stephen B. Elkins.

Who managed the Republican Campaign
in 1894.

Comptroller Charles G. Dawes.

Republican National Committee.

Political assessments as carried on in the Garfield campaign are no longer lawful, but it does not follow that office holders have no opportunity to contribute. In 1896 the Democratic campaign committee sent circulars to every Democratic federal office holder in the United States, and no small part of the campaign fund came from contributions, gently solicited in this way. Every committee expects more or less money from this source.

In 1884, B. F. Jones was chairman of the Republican Committee, and the active campaign management was chiefly in the hands of Stephen B. Elkins and Joseph H. Manley, Blaine's particular friend. Arthur P. Gorman, of Maryland, was chairman of the Democratic Committee, and displayed strategical ability of the highest order. Probably less money was expended on the Republican side than in 1880. The Democrats were generously supplied, some of those who had hitherto been most liberal in their contributions to Republican committees changing their allegiance on account of the candidacy of Blaine. In 1888, Calvin S. Brice, of Ohio, was in charge of the Democratic campaign, and gained the sobriquet of "rainbow chaser," because he persisted in looking for Democratic victories in Western states which had always hitherto been rock-ribbed Republican strongholds. While Brice was chasing rainbows in the West, Matthew S. Quay, the Republican chairman, was applying hard-headed, practical methods to the task of

carrying really doubtful states. The great protected interests, alarmed by the assaults of President Cleveland and the Democratic House on the tariff, came forward with generous contributions to the Republican campaign fund. It is said that John Wanamaker raised \$400,000 by personal appeals to men who believed their interests were threatened by Democratic success, and who sought the election of a President and Congress that would revise the tariff on Protection lines. In this year the Republican National Committee made a great stroke by sending clever men on the quiet to Delaware and carrying on in that state a "still hunt," which resulted in the election of a Republican legislature and the choice of a Republican Senator for the first time in the history of the state. It is in work of this kind that the genius of political strategy in a chairman has an opportunity to display itself—the genius of discovering where political conditions are ripe for change, and of lending encouragement at the critical moment.

The election of 1888 was the first national election in which the distribution of what is known as "campaign literature" played a part of the first importance. Before that the greatest attention had been paid to the work of campaign orators and to the distribution of money in doubtful states, through state committees, to perfect organization and bring voters to the polls. When Samuel J. Tilden ran for President in 1876 his "liter-

ary bureau" was a subject of ridicule among the older politicians, who looked upon it as a new and Quixotic scheme. But the literary bureau has now become the most important adjunct of every National Committee. In 1896 the Republican National Committee expended \$500,000 for printing alone, and the greater portion of the money raised by the Democratic committee was used in the same way. But this was only carrying out on an even larger scale the work which played an important part in the elections of 1888 and 1892.

In 1892, when Harrison ran for a second term and Cleveland was a candidate for the third time, the Democratic committee had the advantage of superior organization, and it had more money at its disposal than any previous committee of either party. W. F. Harry, of Pennsylvania, was chairman, and W. C. Whitney and other wealthy influential friends of Mr. Cleveland made lavish contributions to the campaign fund, while

was \$100,000 in debt. In this year the Democrats established a branch headquarters in Chicago, in charge of Benjamin F. Cable, of Illinois, and this branch, situated in the very center of a group of hitherto Republican states, proved its utility by helping to carry some of them for the Democratic candidate—for the first time since the war. Brice's "rainbow chasing" was just four years ahead of time.

In 1896 the tables were turned. The Democrats, having cast aside their old leaders, were left to scramble as best they could. Although from the contributions of officeholders and through other means they managed to scrape together over \$1,000,000—a respectable sum as campaign funds were regarded in earlier days—they were far outstripped by their opponents. The Republican committee received in contributions from the three states of New York, Pennsylvania and Massachusetts over \$3,000,000, and other states made contributions, although in nothing like these sums. As will be shown later, this great fund was expended in a way which cannot be open to criticism. The fact that men of substance were willing to entrust their money to a political organization is in itself the highest kind of tribute to the responsibility and integrity of the men who had the handling of it.

The National Committee is the creature of the National Convention. At every convention each state delegation meets and selects the man who is to represent the party in the state and national organization, and the committee they created ceases to exist when the next National Convention is called to order. This is true both of the Republican and of the Democratic parties. But there is a difference between the active working organization of the two great political bodies. The executive officers of the Democratic committee are selected from the committee itself. A different system has grown up among the Republicans. It has happened in the last two campaigns that the man at the head of the Republican organization was not even a member of the National Committee as originally constituted. This has grown out of the fact that the candidate for President is allowed to select the chairman of the executive committee, which is entrusted with the active work of the campaign. In 1892, William J. Campbell, of Illinois, a member of the National Committee, was selected as chairman. Objection was made to him on account of certain business associations which it was feared would not be po-



Representative Charles Dick, (on the left of picture.)
Secretary Republican National Committee.

the men who had contributed to the Republican fund in 1888, satisfied with the tariff as enacted during the Republican administration, failed to respond to calls for more. Thomas H. Carter, the Republican chairman, was constantly hampered by the lack of money for even the most necessary expenditures, and on election day the committee

litically advantageous, and although he remained as chairman of the National Committee, President Harrison selected Thomas H. Carter, of Montana, as chairman of the executive committee, although Carter was not a member of the National Committee at all. It was Carter who conducted the campaign. In 1896, Mark Hanna, of Ohio, who had managed the canvass for McKinley's nomination, was selected by the candidate to be chairman of the executive committee. The member of the National Committee from Ohio was Charles L. Kurtz. In fact, the actual management of the Republican campaign in 1896 was in the hands of an executive committee which was really an excrescence upon the larger body. At least four of the members of the executive committee in that year, including the chairman, Mr. Hanna; the secretary, Gen. Osborne; the treasurer, Cornelius N. Bliss, and Charles G. Dawes, of Illinois, were not members of the National Committee. When Gen. Osborne resigned as secretary to become American Consul at London, his place was taken by Charles Dick, of Ohio, now a Representative in Congress, who had no official connection with the larger body. Besides an executive committee made up of National Committee members living, as a rule, near headquarters, the Democrats in 1896 had a campaign committee consisting partly of members of the National Committee and partly of outsiders. This body corresponded to the executive committee on the Republican side. Daniel J. Campau, of Michigan, was at its head. Other members were W. A. Clark, of Montana; Clark Howell, of Georgia; James Kerr, of Pennsylvania; John R. McLean, of Ohio, and Thomas Gahan, of Illinois.

The organizations in 1896 represent the highest state of political campaign work, and the extraordinary feature of it is that they should have been built up from nothing in so short a time. When the National Convention adjourned, the organizations were nothing but skeletons. There was no money, no headquarters—nothing, in fact, but brains and latent resources. It remained for the committees, at the head of which were Mr. Hanna and Senator J. K. Jones, to raise the money, develop the resources and give life to the skeletons. The first thing to do was to establish headquarters. It had been the custom of all parties to have headquarters in New York.

In 1896 both Republicans and Democrats decided on the bold step of setting up headquarters in Chicago so as to be in the midst

of the field, where it was believed the hardest part of the battle would have to be fought, leaving the Eastern field to be watched from branch quarters in New York. The Democrats selected rooms in the annex of the Auditorium Hotel at Chicago; the Republicans leased for the summer three floors in the Auditorium building. Within a



Hon. Arthur P. Gorman.
Democratic National Committee.

fortnight after the conventions had adjourned the headquarters had been established. Rooms had been selected and furnished, arrangements had been made to secure the necessary clerical assistance, and countless other preliminaries had been attended to. So small were the beginnings from which the organizations were to grow that the Republican committee, determined to become the most effective campaign machine ever set up, was obliged to borrow money to buy furniture.

From these headquarters radiated influences which were felt in every part of the United States. Springs were touched here that stirred to political activity remote countries and hamlets, and in such a way that those who felt the effects never imagined whence they came. Great demonstrations were set in motion, men everywhere were set to thinking on given lines, and reading matter was put in their hands to enable them to reach desired conclusions, speakers were provided for meetings in great centers of population and in all sorts of out-of-the-way places, and plans were perfected by which the whole country should be throbbing with interest as the day of election approached, and by which the men

who were to cast the votes should be roused to the necessity of going to the polls. For, after all, the one important thing that the successful national political organization must accomplish is to excite the interest of the great mass of indifferent voters and turn in the right direction the minds of the undefined and uncertain class known as the "independent vote," or, in the political slang of the day, as "floaters."

No previous organization was ever so well adapted to these aims as the Republican organization of 1896, and had it not been for the great sums of money at its disposal its efficiency must have been far less than it was. By 1896 the room, with two or three desks and chairs, of earlier days had developed into a great establishment with twenty-two distinct departments and over 300 clerks and employees. Each one of these departments had its own head, subordinate in turn to somebody higher up, ultimate responsibility reposing in the chairman of the committee; and every head of department was held as

For nearly three months he had to manage an establishment which was kept as constantly busy and alert as a train dispatcher's office. Over 600 speakers were in the service of the western division of the headquarters at Chicago, while nearly as many more reported to the eastern division with headquarters at New York, where Gen. Osborne and Joseph H. Manley were in charge. These speakers were traveling constantly, and there was not an hour in the day when the whereabouts of any one of them was not known at the headquarters. Each speaker was furnished with railroad time-tables giving his route and the hour in which he was expected to be in a certain place, so that if there should be a sudden call for him anywhere a dispatch could reach him on the minute. Records had to be kept at headquarters of each man's time schedule, of the arrival and departure of his trains, and of any other circumstances which might be deemed necessary. Every sort of contingency had to be foreseen and provided for. The expenses of all the speakers were paid by the committee, and most of them received a money consideration in addition. The cost of this bureau alone exceeded by many thousands of dollars the total expenses of most of the earlier campaigns.

Campaign orators in the service of the national committees are well paid for their work. This is not generally understood, and it was not the case until comparatively recent years. In the earlier days they usually rendered volunteer service. So universal was the custom that discredit attached in the public mind to a political speaker who received compensation. In the campaign of 1872, Carl Schurz, then a Senator from Missouri, was charged with having been paid \$200 a speech for his advocacy of the election of Horace Greeley. The charge made something of a scandal at the time, and although Schurz denied the payment of this specific sum, he was never able wholly to clear himself of the taint which was supposed to attach to receiving any pay whatever. He had a bitter controversy with Roscoe Conkling in the Senate about it, during which Conkling, in his supercilious way, expressed his contempt of the practice of which he thought Schurz had been guilty. Nowadays campaign speaking has become a matter of regular employment, although, of course, payment is by no means universal, and the most conspicuous orators—especially those who hold a high place in the party—render volunteer service, and will accept



Hon. T. H. Carter, (on the right of picture.)

Who managed the Republican Campaign in 1892.

Senator Penrose, of Pennsylvania on the left.

rigidly responsible for those beneath him as if he had been the foreman of a shop or the chief of a Government bureau. The visible, obvious branches were those which had to do with campaign oratory and the distribution of what has come to be known as "campaign literature." At the head of the speakers' bureau was William M. Hahn, of Ohio.

nothing beyond their traveling and hotel expenses. The men in charge of a Presidential campaign prefer to pay on the spot for what they get. This is far better than to leave obligations outstanding to be satisfied in the distribution of offices after the election.

The ordinary campaign speaker receives \$50 a speech and his expenses. It is said that in the campaign of 1896 one very effective and brilliant gold-Democratic orator was paid \$300 a speech by the Republican National Committee. This represents the high-water mark in payments of this kind. In some cases those who do not receive a stipulated price expect "honorariums," which really amount to the same thing, and which sometimes reach high figures. The day of volunteer work for National Committees seems to have passed. The men employed at headquarters of any party are paid as regularly and as generously as if they were in any other employment. It has been said that the distribution of literature has come to be about the most important feature of a National Committee's work. This phase of campaigning has reached truly colossal proportions. The head of the literary bureau of a National Committee must be a man of rare judgment, of varied resources, and of unusual executive ability. The head of the Re-

publican literary bureau in 1896 was Perry S. Heath, now Assistant Postmaster-General. The head of the Democratic bureau was Daniel McConville, of Ohio. Documents were sent out from both headquarters by the ton. The Republican committee distributed over



Hon. Joseph H. Manley, of Maine.
Republican National Committee.



Perry S. Heath.

Chief of the Literary Bureau in 1896—Republican National Committee.

publican literary bureau in 1896 was Perry S. Heath, now Assistant Postmaster-General. The head of the Democratic bureau was Daniel McConville, of Ohio. Documents were sent out from both headquarters by the ton. The Republican committee distributed over

160,000,000 pieces of "literature." Over 16,000 packages were sent by freight or express, and over 130 carloads of printed matter. In the shipping department alone 275 people were employed. The distribution by the Democratic committee was almost equal-ly large. The work has been reduced to a science. Each committee has lists of voters which are furnished originally by the various local committees in states and Congressional districts, and these lists are so arranged that so far as possible just the right kind of document will be sent to each voter, and just the right kind of argument will be presented to each mind. The Republican and the Democratic National Committees to-day each have at least 3,000,000 names on their lists. By far the larger proportion of documents distributed are speeches in Congress which go out under Congressional franks, thus reducing immensely the expenditures for postage. Of such great advantage is this that in the Congressional session immediately preceding a Presidential campaign many speeches are made chiefly with a view to their distribution. Entire books have been inserted in the *Congressional Record* in this way. In a recent Congress, Tom Johnson, the millionaire Congressman from Ohio, printed as a part of his speech Henry George's book on "Progress and Poverty," and this was sent out by the hundreds of thousands under Congressional franks. Of course, the National Committees have to bear the expense of paper and printing. This class of documents is far from comprising all that go out. The

literary bureau of a National Committee is a great workshop. The Republican committee in 1896 employed twenty-seven writers, most of them specialists on the tariff, on currency, and on other topics of a political nature, and these men were kept busy at headquarters constantly preparing timely material as the occasion might demand. Much of their work was sent out through the newspapers, and three or four columns of matter for this purpose were prepared every day. Statements, cards, explanations, interviews were distributed to the press in the guise of news. One of the rooms at headquarters was lined with books of reference, and two or three men were kept busy all the time responding to telegrams from all over the country asking for information on all sorts of questions. A speaker assigned to talk in a given town would pick up the local opposition paper on his arrival and find a statement about the tariff or about the currency which he thought he ought to refer to on the platform that night. He would telegraph promptly to headquarters for exact information, and within an hour or two he would receive a reply telling him exactly how he could meet the point which had been raised. Similar inquiries would come daily from editors of newspapers in remote districts which lacked reference facilities of their own. The press bureau was a highly important adjunct of the literary department. Over 12,000 newspapers were furnished with plate matter, patent insides and occasional editorials. Bulletins were sent daily by telegraph at the expense of the committee to 100 morning newspapers and to 150 afternoon prints. These bulletins ranged all the way from 100 to 300 words in length.

There were special departments for almost every conceivable class of population. Men were kept busy preparing documents in German, Swedish, Danish, Polish and Hebrew, which were to be sent to localities where any one of these languages happened to prevail. There was a colored bureau which had charge of all questions relating to the colored vote, sending out literature to convince the negro that his interests lay in continuing to support the Republican party. There was a woman's bureau under the charge of Mrs. J. Ellen Foster, who had fifteen women in her department preparing for distribution literature calculated to affect favorably the feminine mind. For it is recognized by the politicians that, although there are few states where women are al-

lowed to vote, there is not one in which they do not exercise a great and sometimes decisive influence upon the ballot. There were departments to look after commercial travelers, bicycles, savings institutions and life insurance companies.

What has been said relates to that part of a campaign committee's work which is open to all men. It is right that more attention should be paid to this phase of the subject than to any other. The tendency is towards publicity more than ever, and as time goes on, fewer and fewer of the duties of the manager of a great political campaign have to do with those hidden methods which, surrounded with a proper atmosphere of mystery, afford material for interesting conjecture and inspire comment on the spread of corruption in elections. A comparatively small proportion of the expenditures of a National Committee are of such a character that those responsible for them would not be willing as a purely business proposition to spread an accounting before the world. Many things, of course, are done which must of necessity be carried on in secret, for it would be the rankest of folly for those who are conducting a great campaign to show their hands to the enemy or to give them information as to methods which would work to their own disadvantage. But there never was a grosser mistake than to imagine that the funds distributed by a National Committee go to the debauching of the electorate or to the purchase of votes.

After the campaign of 1880, Mr. Arthur, at a dinner given in New York to celebrate the election of the Republican ticket and his own choice as Vice-President, referred facetiously to the use of "soap" in carrying Indiana. In 1880, much was made of a dispatch sent out by W. H. Barnum, the Democratic chairman, calling for the purchase of "four more mules." And a nickname derived from this expression clung to Barnum as long as he lived. It attaches to his memory to-day. In 1888, Col. W. W. Dudley gained a similar reputation by his suggestion to the local managers in Indiana that they divide the floaters into "blocks of five." Of course, the ugliest kinds of inferences were drawn from these expressions by the opposition press, and the changes were rung upon them until the public mind became permeated with the idea that voters were bought right and left, that the money contributed to the National Committees was corruption funds, and that the greater the amount expended, naturally, the more wide-

spread the corruption. Each one of the expressions was open to a perfectly legitimate interpretation. But it was only human nature that the worst possible interpretation should have been selected. Plans for corruption in politics are not usually entrusted to the telegraph or the mail, or boasted of at public dinners. There are plenty of ways to spend money legitimately and to good advantage without risking any on the doubtful proposition of buying votes, especially under the Australian ballot, where there can be no assurance that the purchasable voter will stay bought. After spending half a million dollars in printing, as much more in the payment of speakers and in covering traveling expenses, after leasing expensive headquarters, paying good salaries to two or three hundred clerks, paying telegraph tolls, postage, paper bills, and countless incidentals, it is not a matter of much difficulty to figure out the balance. A National Committee is supposed to keep a watchful eye on local political conditions everywhere, to harmonize differences, to take quick advantage of false steps of the opposition, to adjust individual interests to the requirements of party success. At the same time the line is very closely drawn between what it can properly undertake and what it should severely let alone. Its business is to elect the President and the Vice-President, and the custom has grown of depending on the national organization to take such steps as it may deem advisable towards assuring the supremacy of its party in the United States Senate. A National Committee never interferes directly in the election of members of Congress. It contributes money usually to the Congressional Committee to be used as the Congressional Committee may see fit in securing a majority of the House; but it carefully avoids giving assistance in individual cases to candidates. A great part of its work is done through the various state committees, and whenever money is sent into a state it passes through the hands of the local organization. In a few instances separate press bureaus have been provided in states which are reckoned close, and sometimes where a critical situation develops a National Committeeman will be detailed at the state headquarters to advise and encourage the local managers. State chairmen are continually visiting the national headquarters to talk

over conditions, and confidential agents are continually traveling in doubtful states. Minor political parties have to be dealt with. In 1896 the Democratic committee supported the headquarters of the Labor party, which worked in its own way for Bryan's success, though always under Democratic guidance.

No small part of the success of a committee lies in the men who remain members year after year, and who are thus thoroughly familiar with every experiment which has been tried, whether profitably or unprofitably, who have learned instinctively to keep in touch with the political temper and who know personally the men to be trusted in carrying out any scheme the committee has in mind. The late Garrett A. Hobart was one of these. Joseph H. Manley, of Maine, has played an important part in every Presidential campaign since 1884, when he was Mr. Blaine's closest representative on the Republican committee. There has not been a national organization since in which Mr. Manley's tact and familiarity with details have not been of the greatest service. Samuel Fessenden, of Connecticut, is another. Senator Nathan B. Scott, of West Virginia, won his spurs as a National Committeeman, and he is now an influential member of the Republican executive committee. A national campaign in which Henry C. Payne, of Wisconsin, did not take a conspicuous part would seem strange.

On the Democratic side there has been a revolution in the last four years which has retired from service some of the men who had come to be regarded as wheel horses. Gorman, of Maryland, is still a member of the committee, but he is no longer dominant as of old, although his fine hand may be seen in political manipulation. Jones, of Arkansas, the present chairman, was practically unknown to national party management before the silver sentiment swept the party from its moorings in 1896, and the same may be said of William J. Stone, of Missouri, who is second in command. It has usually been the fate of those who devoted the most time to the details of Presidential campaigns to have little luck in aspiring to office for themselves. It has become an axiom that a national chairman if successful in the campaign becomes the victim of vilification by the opposition press, and of the successful candidate's ingratitude.



Wu Ting Fang.

AMERICA IN THE ORIENT

A STATEMENT

By WU TING FANG

ENVOY EXTRAORDINARY AND MINISTER PLÉNIPOTENTIARY FROM CHINA

AMERICA has a magnificent opportunity in the Orient if she will only reach out and take it. A people which has done so much and has taken advantage of so many chances will surely not fail to reap for its commerce the benefits which it has earned by its bravery. The possession of the Philippine Islands brings the United States close up to the greatest markets in the world—markets which have only just begun to be developed, but which have already shown a capacity for development that a great com-

mercial people will understand. There are many millions of people in China, and they are ready to buy from other nations the things which they can use. Some in America seem to think that the Chinese now manufacture practically all that is sufficient for their own needs. Far from it. Of course, it is true that for centuries before China was open to foreign trade its people made the goods they used, and this seemed sufficient; but now China is open to foreign trade, and manufactured goods come from America and

Europe. We buy them readily. America can sell us goods more cheaply than our people could manufacture them. This is true especially of cotton cloth. That which we manufacture ourselves we weave with our own hands, and it is very durable; but the American product is very fine in comparison, and now it has come to be in common use with us. In some parts of the empire American and English cottons have taken almost entirely the place of our native manufacture. With finer dresses, silks, and that sort of thing, it is not yet true; but with cheaper articles it is.

China takes kindly to improvements. We have not only the railroad, but the telegraph and the telephone. The telegraph lines extend throughout the length and breadth of China. There is not a province now without the telegraph. The first cable in China was laid by the Danish Company, and our principal telegraph company is now superintended by a Danish engineer. The first telegraph company was organized by an official named Sheng Hsuan Huai, commonly known as Sheng Taotai. He induced Chinese merchants to subscribe and built the line under government protection. The line extended from

Tientsin for a short distance; then it was continued to Shanghai; then to Peking, and so branched out from north to south, from east to west. This was twenty years ago, and the telegraph built by private enterprise under government control, with Danish operatives, in the main now covers a wide extent of territory. When it came to extending the system to more remote parts of the country the private commercial company did not like to undertake the construction, and so the government has built these lines itself. Thus there are practically two systems, one semi-official, the other solely under government control.

The telephone has been introduced more recently. The first telephones were brought in by foreigners for their own convenience, and their use spread gradually. The first line was put up at Shanghai, and others followed in different treaty ports. They are all managed by different private companies. We have no long-distance telephone as yet, but that will come in time. With the railroad, the telegraph, the telephone, and a great population thickly settling a vast extent of territory, the future possibilities of the Chinese trade must appeal to the com-



Tea Caravan Resting Outside the Great Wall of China.

mercial instincts of the United States. With a foothold in the Philippines, America will have a great advantage over other nations which lack possessions in that part of the world. If Americans know how to turn this to good account, they will be able to do wonders.

But it is of the greatest importance that America should sustain the friendliest relations with China and the Chinese people. There is an opportunity to develop the consular service. Thus far the American diplomatic and consular offices in China have done

aged to enter the service, and, having entered, to remain there. It requires a peculiar kind of men to succeed. Young men ought to be sent to China who would like to learn the language, and who could look forward to a long period of service after they had once fitted themselves for it. In England, at Oxford and at Cambridge, they have Chinese professors to give elementary training. Young men go out from there into the consular, diplomatic or merchant service, and what they have learned at the universities they supplement in the service. They have



Grand Canal and Pagoda Chenza.

wonderfully well, although they have labored under disadvantages. The men who go to China as consuls ought to be peculiarly fitted for their work. It would help them a good deal if they were able to understand something of the language of the people. It is not right that American consuls should be compelled to employ Chinese interpreters as is now the case. They ought to have their own men, people of their own nation. It would be to their interest. The American consular service now does not hold out sufficient inducements for the right kind of men in China. Americans ought to be encour-

enthusiasm because they realize that if they do good work they can find for themselves a career. I appreciate the fact that this is a democratic form of government, and that it may not be easy to bring about the change which I suggest. It is difficult to secure the necessary legislation, but I am sure that in view of the constantly increasing importance of the American commercial and political position in China it would be of inestimable advantage if the consular service there could be marked by permanency of tenure and adequacy of training. Merit should be rewarded by promotion, as is the rule now with

most of the European governments which send young men to the East to learn the language and study the customs of the country.

The English-speaking people have a great advantage in China now because their language is popular in Asia, and because it is more commonly used than any other foreign tongue. It is a pity that this advantage cannot be followed up by making the language still more adaptable to the needs of the natives of the country. The present popularity is due to circumstances. The English controlled India. Their language was spoken

can claim. It is spoken in the streets of Shanghai, it is taught in the schools of Yokohama, and it has obtained such a vogue that merchants of all other nations resident in the East make use of it in their business and in their families. If there is to be an international language it will be English, and therefore I say it ought to be improved upon so as to facilitate the learning of it and make it easier for those who are not English-born. A whole language cannot be suddenly reformed. Changes must be a matter of slow growth. But there is one respect



Canton Houseboats.

there and in all the British colonies, and when the English found their way into China ahead of other European nations they brought their language with them. But it is not an easy tongue to learn. The Chinese people are not slow in learning, but it does not seem right that unnecessary obstacles should be placed in their path. I am not partial to the English language, but it has evidently come to stay, and it may already be called the commercial language of the Orient. In all the treaty ports and important centers of the East it holds a place in the school and the counting-house which no other language

in which improvement can be made without doing violence to the idiom or the construction. This is in spelling. If a phonetic spelling were to be adopted it would be a blessing to those of us with whom English has not become a habit, and who find ourselves continually tripping and stumbling over the words which do not sound as they appear to the eye, and it would be worth a little trouble for the people of the United States to make the change. Americans, I find, accomplish many results by meeting together and discussing questions. Why would it not be possible to hold a great convention, the oh-



United States Legation at Peking.

ject of which should be to bring the spelling of the English language more closely in conformity with its sound?

Another thing: The men who go from the United States to the Far East should learn to understand the people there. They ought to realize the fact that the Asiatic is not an Anglo-Saxon, that his habit of mind is different, and that he has customs and peculiarities of his own. What an American or European might do under certain conditions offers no standard for the Oriental, and in the same way it would be a grievous mistake to attempt to force the Asiatic to a compliance with American or European ideas. A slight difference of conception insignificant in itself may lead to the most lamentable misunderstandings. Law suits, and even wars have resulted from a failure on the part of foreigners to comprehend the attitude of mind of Asiatic people with whom they have come in contact. If Americans are to prosper in the Orient with peace and good will they must be ready to adapt themselves to the conditions they find there, and they must study to understand the motives and the customs of the natives of the country. They

must learn to judge them by another standard than that which prevails among Western nations, and this requires adaptability and tact. It is a mistake, I believe, to place men in control of affairs in the East who are not men of the world. Military officers, accustomed by long habit to routine and iron-clad regulations, cannot, except in extraordinary instances, bring themselves to a delicate comprehension of the motives of the people with whom they are surrounded. Men of broad sympathies and wide tolerance are needed—men who are accustomed to deal with other men in all relations of life, and whose comprehension is elastic enough to bring them into sympathetic touch with people in whom the traditions of ages have implanted ideas and standards of their own. The nation which is to have the greatest success in the Orient will be the nation which conducts its commercial, social and diplomatic intercourse in this spirit. Disagreeable consequences will be avoided if those who are unfamiliar with our ways will make it their object to learn to understand them, not superficially, but intimately—to put themselves so far as they can into the

mental attitude of those with whom they are in contact.

This brings me to a subject which is of very greatest interest not only to America but to us in the East. The United States has gained a foothold in the Philippines. There will be an opportunity there for the American people to show their capacity for handling Asiatic people. I am pleased to see that strong and tactful men, civilians, have been entrusted with the responsibility of conducting American affairs in these new possessions.

There is a great deal of talk about the presence of the Chinese in the Philippines, and there are those who say that this is a problem which may cause trouble. I do not see why there should be any difficulty. The Chinese have been there for centuries. Why should anybody wish to disturb the existing state of things? It is said there is ill feeling against the Chinese on the part of the natives, but this is by no means so great as it has been represented to be. It is exaggerated. Those who have discussed it make too much of it. This is a fundamental mistake. If the natives see that the Americans attach importance to it, they may magnify it themselves, but if Americans refuse to notice it there will be a difference. It is said that the

natives have some feeling because the Chinese have succeeded in business, monopolizing it in some instances. What if this be true? Is it not the fault of the natives themselves? If the Chinese learn to transact business, they have that advantage over foreigners, and the Chinese are naturally business men. But if the natives would apply themselves, why should they not control the business themselves? They certainly have every natural advantage over foreigners. If they will only work and seize the opportunities, the natural consequence will be that the Chinese will cease going there. The thing will remedy itself. There is no necessity for resorting to forcible measures to exclude our people. It lies with the natives themselves if they are good for anything. Let them turn their talents to account. The fact that so many Chinese go to the Philippines is only an evidence that the people there do not live up to their opportunities. If there were no opening for the Chinese, they certainly would not go there. Then it is said there is feeling against the Mestizos. Why should this be? The very fact that they are Mestizos or half-breeds is evidence in itself of intimate association between the two races. One is as good as the other. If the ill-feeling against the Chinese were as strong



View of Hongkong from the Bay, Showing Warehouses and Stores.

as it has been represented to be, there certainly would not be so many Mestizos. The existence of the Mestizos shows that the natives like the Chinese. It seems to me that this is self-evident. It is true, of course, that the cleverest men in the Philippines are these same Chinese Mestizos. Aguinaldo has Chinese blood, and this is the case with most of the leading Filipinos. The Mestizos get their best blood from the Chinese. Hence they are superior to the natives.

Mr. Wildman, the American consul at Hongkong, has said in his report that without Chinese labor the trade with the Philippines would be ruined, and all the industries would deteriorate. There would be no chance for development. He said this emphatically, and it is probably true. The English people appreciate this. They would be very glad indeed to have the Chinese expelled from the Philippines because in that case there would be the less to fear from the competition of the Philippine trade, and because the Chinese when expelled would be inclined to go to the Straits Settlement, where they will be welcomed. The English Government has always encouraged the immigration of Chinese to the Straits. They recognize the value of this class of population in developing the country. There are Chinese in Hongkong. They have recently established cotton factories there with Chinese labor, and the proprietors of these factories do not relish the prospect of having similar factories established in the Philippines. If the Chinese were excluded from the Philippines there would be no danger of competition from this source because the native Filipinos are not adapted to work of this kind. The English Government welcomes the Chinese in the Straits Settlement and in all their colonies. They cannot do without them. They work them to advantage, and the result is always good. I am familiar with Singapore, and know something of the Malay natives there. Many of the Filipinos are of the same race. You cannot make anything out of them, and there is little chance for their development without the presence of the Chinese.

I have raised the question whether it is not time for the United States to extend the Monroe Doctrine to Asia. There are those who say that this is too rapid. But is it not logical? The possession of the Philippines brings the United States within six hundred miles of Asia, nearer by far than some portions of South America to which the Monroe Doctrine is now held to apply. It is a measure of self-protection, founded on justice, and if the United States is to be an Asiatic power, I cannot see why logically it will not find itself in time compelled to guard against the encroachments of European powers in that part of the world. It is true that the Monroe Doctrine was intended originally to apply to the American continent alone, but the principle is the same wherever foreign encroachments might interfere with American interests. It will not be necessary to interfere with existing conditions. When President Monroe issued his caveat he intended it to apply to the future, not to that which already was. He did not go so far as to undertake to drive from the American continent those European nations which were already there. To apply the same doctrine to Asia means simply that things are to be left as they are, and this will be for the interests of the United States as well as for the whole Asiatic continent. I may be a little ahead of time, but by and by the United States will come to this. The possession of the Philippines is a new thing, but after a while, perhaps in ten years, it will be seen that for self-protection and for the maintenance of peace it will be necessary to have all nations understand that no further encroachments on the Asiatic continent will be allowed. When that time comes there will be no more war. After the United States gets a firm hold on the Philippines, and begins to establish American commerce and to branch out in every direction, they will become more and more impressed with the necessity of keeping things as they are. No man can tell how long the open door can be maintained in the East unless further aggressions are prevented.

THE DRAGON OF PYRAMID HILL



By
Major W. P. Drury
Royal Marines

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A LIZARD in a patch o' sunlight," mused Mr. Pagett, indicating with his pipestem the little green and yellow creature on the garden wall, "always minds me of a dragon in the glare of a gunboat's searchlight."

"I cannot honestly say," I confessed, after considering the statement for some moments with the attention it deserved, "that the resemblance has ever struck me."

"Because," retorted Mr. Pagett, wittingly, "you've only seen the insect. But you may take it from me that, when you've allowed for the difference in size between a lizard and a dragon, and the difference between sunshine and electric light, there's—Well, there ain't no difference left."

I took it from Mr. Pagett—as I had ever been accustomed to take that artist's utterances—without question, while the artist absentmindedly helped himself to a generous pipeful of tobacco from my pouch, which lay between us on the bench. For I had again foregathered with this time-expired private of marines turned landlord of a Dartmoor hostelry; and in the old-world garden in the shadow of the everlasting Tor—where I had learnt of the train-sailing in Venezuela, and the bringing of the Brisbane flood, of the sea-fight of the Three Bad Hats, the introduction of piano wire into naval surgery, and other shamefully neglected services of the narrator—I once more sat at the feet of my maritime Gamaliel.

"The fleet was lying in 'Ong Kong," he went on, plunging at once in *medias res*,

"when noos come down that there was trouble, mission'ry trouble, at Ichang on the Yangtse. Now, I don't want to 'urt the feelin's of old ladies at Exeter 'All, but there's no gettin' away from the fact that, whatever blessin' mission'ries may be to the 'eathen, they're a first-class noosance all the world over to Her Majesty's consular service and navy. Ain't they?"

I expressed regret at hearing so unorthodox a sentiment from the lips of a vicar's churchwarden.

"They were a first-class noosance to us," he continued, ignoring my protest, "from me and the admiral downwards. The only available craft that could get up the river as far as Ichang was a round-sterned, pot-bellied, twin-screw, third-class bugtrap rustin' in the steam reserve. She was like a flatiron to look at, drew seven foot o' water, rolled like a dyin' 'umming top, steered like a makee-learn's bicycle, and was as chockful o' cockroaches as a ripe Gorgonzola is o' mites. Her tally was the *Sneeze*."

"It so 'appens that she's the only one of her type in the Navy List. 'Owever, into this dainty little pleasure yacht they pitched the first lot o' dockyard mess traps that came to 'and, and a scratch crew of orf'cers and men—me among them—was chucked in on top o' the crockery. The orf'cers didn't match any more than the ward-room cups and saucers did—but I'm comin' to that later on. We was commissioned for partic'lar service by the gun'ry lieutenant o' the flagship, and, after provisionin' and 'oisting in

powder and ammunition, we started off at midnight on a nineteen 'undred mile trip to dry nurse the Christian church of the upper Yangtse Kiang.

"Outside the 'arbor we picked up the tail o' the northeast monsoon, and before daylight we 'eartily wished every mission'ry in China at the bottom o' the Yellow Sea. For the *Sneeze* 'ad a chronic cold in her 'ead in the shape of a sixty-four pounder tucked under the t'gallant fo'c'stle, and it gave her a feelin' of 'eaviness and made her as contrary to manage as a woman a bit out o' sorts. She lay down in the smotherin' seas, like a child at a Sunday-school treat that sulks when she's rolled by her playmates in the glebe field 'aycocks, and, in spite of our bein' battened down, even the ward-room right aft was very soon flooded. Of all the ships I've soldiered in—and they've been a good few, as you know—she was the wettest and cussedest; and you may lay to it that, after those drenchin' greenbacks, the muddy wash o' the Yangtse was a blessed sight for sore eyes.

"It 'ad taken us the best part of a week to get there, 'owever, and by that time none of the orf'cers were on speakin' terms. There were three o' them aft—the skipper, a red-'eaded surjin, and a Lieutenant Jannaway of the marines, and there was a gunner for'ard, who messed by hisself, but was a hon'ry member of the others' smokin' place. The skipper, as I've already said, was the gun'ry lieutenant o' the flag-ship, and one of the many things wrong with the *Sneeze* was—she'd a dam' sight too much o' the gun'ry department aboard.

"Now, a red rag is far less exasperatin'

to a bull than a red marine orf'cer to the av'rage gun'ry lieutenant. Before we'd been an hour at sea the skipper an' Mr. Jannaway 'ad the doose of a row as to whether the sixty-four pounder should be manned by the tars or marines. The skipper wanted to know what was wrong with the rest of the armament, the bloomin' machine guns, that they weren't good enough for a parcel of piratical pot-bellied, pipe-clayed popinjays on stilts, and Jannaway said it was croolty to make pore afflicted dwarfs work the 'eaviest gun in the ship. With that, the

skipper, who could stand bolt upright underneath Jannaway's armpit, began to talk big of court-martials, and Jannaway said he'd report him when they got back to 'Ong Kong for grossly insulting his regiment. The end o' the business was—the skipper removed his kit bag and mess traps to his cabin under the poop, the gunner smoked for the future on the starboard side o' the fo'c'sle, and the sixty-four pounder was manned by a mixed crew o' tars and marines.

"This left the red-'eaded surjin an' Jannaway



"The skipper began to talk big of court-martials."

teet-a-teet in the ward-room, and for some days the pair were as thick as thieves. But as soon as we got into smooth water, the skylight trouble began. It's bound to come sooner or later in every mess with a skylight, and it lasts, as you know, till the mornin' the ship pays off. Jannaway wanted it opened, and the surjin wouldn't 'ave it at no price. Too much ozone, he said, was a vi'lent and irritant poison, and if Mr. Jannaway liked it, he could go on the poop and get some. To which Mr. Jannaway replied that he'd rather be killed by ozone than die

in a sea-goain' 'ot'ouse from the 'eat of the surjin's 'ead. With that they parted brass-rags, 'avin' breakfast and lunch separate, and meetin' only at dinner.

"After runnin' up the Woosung to Shang'ai for the purpose of coalin' and pickin' up a Yangtse pilot, we began the thousand-mile crawl to Ichang. And then we found out what a cussedly feminine thing a ship really is. She was treated at first like a lady, bein' given, in a manner o' speakin', the run of the blessed pavement. Waivin' the rule of the road, every craft made way for her, while the pilot, the skipper and artificer ('chief engineer,' he called himself) respected her feelin's as gentlemen. But some ships are like certain women—in spite of the carefulest trainin' they seem foredoomed to go wrong, and of all those immoral vessels the *Sneeze* was the most abandoned.

"There was trouble enough, Lord knows, in the first bloomin' six 'undred miles, but after we passed 'Ankow the real fun o' the fair began. In the lower reaches of this tremenjous river, it was as easy to dodge us as to avoid a drunk and incapable in the middle o' Southsea Common. But, although it was still quite wide enough for a squadron o' first-class cruisers, it was miles too narrow for the third-class gunboat *Sneeze*. Fortunately for commerce, we anchored the beast at night, or tied her safe up to the bank; but from daylight to dusk she completely paralyzed the traffic, and we were cursed in every lingo from Chinese to Scandinavian. The *Chung Wo*, a large stern-wheeler, carryin' the Ichang mails, in tryin' to escape a collision, piled herself up on a sandbank—and stopped there; while a bluff-bowed American tea ship, catchin' us broadside on, pushed us in that position a mile or so back on our course before her astonished skipper remembered to stop his injins. So played out were we by our efforts to keep pace with the langwidge o' the Yankee crew, that, when a hundred miles further on the skipper of a stinkin' little junk called us 'Yang-kweitze!' (foreign devil), not one of us could think of the Chinese for, 'You've a rat in your forechains, you lubber!' We were still tryin' to recollect it when at last we fetched up at Ichang."

Mr. Pagett coughed dryly once or twice, and passed the back of his hand slowly across his mouth. I apologized for my forgetfulness.

"It ain't so much the actooal talkin' that makes one dry," he explained, when the

apple-cheeked maid-of-all-work had departed, "it's the crool tax on a man's memory."

"On his what!" I exclaimed, involuntarily.

"You 'eard," said Mr. Pagett, setting his empty tankard upon the bench. "'Owever, touchin' this 'eathen city of Ichang. I ain't goin' to worry you with useless details, but for the proper understandin' of this gawspel-true 'istory there's a few jogographical fac's which you must know.

"Ichang is sitooated a few miles below the Yangtse Gorges, through the last o' which—the Tiger's Tooth—the yellow water rushes like pea soup capsized on the mess deck durin' a gale o' wind. Now, in summer, by reason o' the meltin' of the snow upon the mountains, the river is in flood; but in winter it falls a good five an' thirty feet, so that a ship lyin' near the bank is quite invisible from the back o' the town. It was winter when we arrived, and I'll trouble you to bear this point in mind.

"The surroundin' country is mountainous, with every square yard o' flat soil carefully cultivated. The most prominent obje' in the neighbor'ood is the Dome Mountain, about seven miles inland from the far bank o' the river; and on that bank, right opposite the town, and rising sheer from the water's edge to a height of seven 'undred feet, is a curiously shaped onnat'ral feature called Pyramid Hill.

"Any one who's been in China knows that if there's one thing more'n another a Celestial can't stand it's a freak o' nature opposite his front door. You mightn't notice anything out o' the common in an area of twenty square miles, but a Chinaman's mind, like most of his 'andiwork, is a curio, and he's continually discoverin' freaks all round him. The heathen of Ichang didn't like that 'ill one little bit, and to counteract the 'Funghshui', or evil influence, of the dragon supposed to live there, they'd built a temple facin' it at the back o' the town.

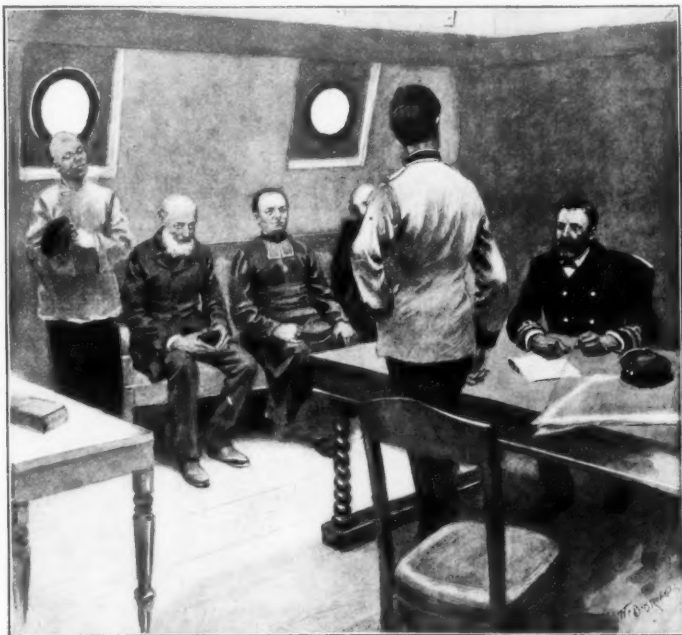
"At the time of our visit this temple was bein' used as the British Consulate while a noo bungalow was buildin', and the other principal 'ouses outside the city walls were a French Roman Carth'lic cathedral, an Eytalian convent, a Scotch Presbyterian Mission, and some Chinese barracks. Inside the city walls there was only one sort o' 'ouse, and that was a 'uman pigstye.

"As soon as we'd let go the mud'ook, the consul came aboard. The mission'ries, he calc'lated, had shortened his life by ten years, though after the skipper's cocktail

he redooed that number to five. The row 'ad arisen, it seemed, over a certain Ah Fat, whom each o' the foreign missions claimed as its lawful convert, and whose tally 'ad gone 'ome as such to Italy, Scotland an' France. But the heathen priests, misunderstandin' this zeal o' the foreign devils, began to suspect that Ah Fat possessed a marketable value, they'd 'itherto overlooked, and they were therefore beginnin' to clamor for his return to the pagan fold. At present, concloded the consul, the town was more depressin' than the waitin' room at a den-

him seven rounds o' blank from the *Sneeze's* 'Bone o' Contention,' as we'd nicknamed the sixty-four pounder.

"I was smokin' a pipe on the fo'c'sle, thinkin' over the consul's noos, and starin' at Pyramid 'Ill, when all of a sudden I was struck with a brilliant inspiration. If the skipper 'ad been worth his salt—a man like Pringle, for instance—I'd have made him a present of it, which would cert'nly have worked his promotion. But I wasn't goin' to waste inspirations on a swollen-headed gunnery jack; I gave it, instead,



"You may lay to it, after that there'll be no more trouble with the heathen."

tist's, but before very long, he thought, there'd be yellin' and 'owlin' enough to turn it into an 'Ades. And that, he explained to the skipper, was the case in a bloomin' nutshell.

"The skipper, who was burstin' to say a few kind words to the mission'ries, promised in case of trouble to receive them aboard the *Sneeze*, and in the meantime to keep his weather eye liftin' for squalls. Whereupon, the consul—after another cocktail, which lengthened his life again to the original number o' years—went ashore, and we give

to Jannaway. He thought a lot o' that inspiration, did Jannaway—such a lot that he came by degrees to imagine the bloomin' idea was his own. But that is the way o' the world, and Lord knows I don't grudge him the credit.

"After layin' our 'eads together, Mr. Jannaway went ashore an' played chess for three hours with the consul, while I looted a plate o' minced pheasant out o' the ward-room galley and smuggled it for'ard to the gunner. The immediate result o' this Christian charity was the consul allowed Mr.

Jannaway the use of an empty office on the temple v'randa, while the gunner give me the run o' the bo'sun's an' carpenter's stores and the paint-room, which were all under his charge. To get what you bloomin' well want you should always humor the 'obbies of the man that's got it to give.

"For the nex' five days me an' Jannaway spent all our spare time at the consulate. Our ship-mates, and especially the skipper, would 'ave given their 'eads to know why; but we didn't see fit to enlighten 'em, and they presently got somethin' else much more excitin' to think about.

"On the fift' day I'd been after dusk on business to Pyramid 'Ill—which the heathen, even in daylight, shunned like the bubonic plague—and on my return the skipper was addressin' a mission'ry meetin' in his cabin under the poop.

"He was talkin' in three diff'rent lingoos, and, although from the poop after-skylight I could 'ear all he said distinctly, I couldn't quite get the hang of it. Mr. Jannaway told me afterwards that it mainly consisted of swear words, picked up at night in back streets of Greenock, Marseilles and Spezzia, which fully accounted, of course, for the scrubbed-'ammick looks of his audience. But the tail of his speech was in English, and it had, like a wasp's, a sting in it.

"'I'd 'ave you to know,' he says, 'that Her Britannic Majesty's cruisers ain't maintained as arks o' refuge for bickerin' ecclesiastics who find themselves in the soup. You've shook up that 'ornet's nest'—he paused for a moment to listen to the angry 'um of the city—'by snarlin' over a bone like dogs in a village street. Consequently,' he says, 'I shall confiscate this partic'lar bone o' contention—I've got one aboard already,' he says, lookin' 'ard at Mr. Jannaway, 'and another more or less won't make no diff'runce—and, since he's willin', I shall enter Ah Fat on the ship's books as ward-



"Ah Fat . . . had been brought aboard by the mission'ries."

room cook's mate. In the meantime,' he says, speakin' as big as if he commanded a squadron o' first-class battleships, 'I shall land my troops for the protection of your places o' worship. Mr. Jannaway, I shall put the marines ashore 'alf a mile below the town; you will then make a deetour through

the paddy fields, extendin' by sections from the left——'

" 'I don't want no naval off'cer,' says Jannaway, standin' up, 'gun'ry lieutenant or otherwise, to teach *me* minor tattics. Every man to his trade,' he says; 'I didn't dictate to you in the matter o' that there collision. The Queen's work 'as to be done, and our private diff'runces must be sunk while we do it; but the marines will do their share,' he says, 'like soldiers, and not like a young ladies' seminary out for a afternoon ramble.'

" 'So long as it's done,' says the skipper, 'do it your own way, an' be damned to you.' At which the Presbyterian give a deep groan.

" 'I'm not only goin' to do it my own way,' returns Jannaway, 'but I want you to corporate with me. I shall fire three rockets,' he says, 'from the British Consulate v'randa. On the first o' these signals I'll trouble you to switch the electric searchlight full at Pyramid 'Ill, keepin' it steady a bit on somethin' you'll see on the summit. With the second rocket,' he says, 'train the ray over the zenith and focus the front o' the consulate. At the third, turn it back on to the 'ill, lettin' it stop there a minute, and then switch it off altogether.'

" 'And after that?' says the skipper.

" 'Nothin',' says Mr. Jannaway, puttin' on his foragin' 'at. 'You may lay to it, after that, there'll be no more trouble with the heathen.'

"The skipper agreein' to this, the marines shoved off in the dark, takin' with them a bundle o' rockets and the 'bone o' contention' Ah Fat, who'd been brought aboard by the mission'ries. Disembarkin' below the town, they marched by a roundabout route to the back o' the British Consulate, while Jannaway crossed the river in the dinghy, and landed at Pyramid 'Ill. Now, mark 'ow a private marine circumvented a city o' cut-throats."

Mr. Pagett removed the pipe from his mouth and laid it upon the bench. Then, crossing his slippered feet, and thrusting his thumbs through the armholes of his waistcoat, he dreamily gazed at the towering cromlech before us. For the moment, no doubt, Yes Tor was the Pyramid Hill of his tale.

"The night was as dense as black powder, so that the little consulate garrison could see nothin' of the devil's army corps that was advancin' to the attack. There was no difficulty in hearin', 'owever. For fear, I suppose, of drawin' the defenders' fire,

they'd left their lanterns at 'ome, and, to keep up their courage in the dark, they were screechin' worse than a Crystal Palaceful o' startled cockatoos. The resident population, which might have been anything under a million, was reinforced by thousands o' students up for the local exams; and as every mother's son of them was tryin' to scream down his neighbors, the din would 'ave drowned a steam injin's whistle within a yard o' you. And then, in a single instant, came a silence like that o' the tomb.

"From the region in front o' the mob a thin streak of orange fire hissed through the inky night, and broke in fallin' stars high over their upraised faces. The nex' moment a broad beam of blindin' light licked out from the bed o' the river, and showed up Pyramid 'Ill as clear as at midday, and the crowd, turnin' to watch this noo wonder, gave a low moan of terror. For there, on the very summit, as plain as the 'ill itself, was—— What do you think, sir?"

I discreetly pretended my utter inability to guess.

"Why, nothin' more or less than that there dragon you were worryin' about just now. He was flappin' his wings like a gamecock, and bellowin' like a bull, and though he was some distance off, his eyes could be seen distinctly flashin' with 'orrible rage. The pigtail of every spectator stiffened with fear at these portents, for dreadful indeed, you may lay to it, were the signs o' the deity's anger.

"But while the heathen were no doubt congratlatin' theirselves that the river was between them an' the dragon, a second rocket shot upwards, and the broad beam o' light from the river, shiftin' off Pyramid 'Ill, swept a great arc on the sky, an' lit up the face o' the consulate. Fallin' flat on their ugly faces, they wept and 'owled for mercy.

"On the top o' Pyramid 'Ill the dragon 'ad seemed fairly small, but on the consulate v'randa, where he now was, he looked as large as life an' twice as nat'ral. He was covered with shinin' scales, and was picked out with 'alf the colors o' the rainbow; and his great, flamin' eyes were winkin' that 'ard, you actooally could 'ear the lids clickin'. By his side stood Mr. Ah Fat, with his 'ands on the balcony rail and no more expression on his face than there is on an aft-deck clock's.

"By-and-by, findin' himself much to his surprise still on the outside o' the dragon's stummick, one o' the bolder spirits began to address the meetin'. Bein' totally incapable,



them further, my son, that if they don't get 'ome to their own flea bags in a brace o' shakes, and give the foreign concession a wide berth for the term of their natural, the nex' time I 'ave to cross the water I'll bring Pyramid 'Ill with me an' make a pancake of their stinkin' city.'

"Whatever gain Ah Fat 'as been to British naval cookery, he's an undoubted loss to the mission'ry platform of three nations. From the temple balcony,

'owever, of facin' those blinkin' eyes, he still kep' his face in the mud; so that the snortin' dragon, unable to catch a word, commanded Ah Fat to enlighten him.

"'Ichang Chinaman velly muchee flightened,' explained the firebrand plucked by three nations from the burnin', 'he speakee—s'pose diagon go back Pylamidillside chop chop, then Ichang people catchee plenty firestick an' makee finish fungshui temple and foleign devil joss-pidgin allee same time.'

"'Tell the silly swabs,' replied the 'ollow voice in the dragon's stummick, 'that I no wantchee temple burnt, nor mission'ry joss 'ouses, neither. You talkee to them that they've made so muchee bloomin' bobbery that the dragon no can catchee sleep in his 'ammick in the 'ill over yonder. And you can tell



"Fallin' flat on their ugly faces, they wept and 'owled for mercy."

in an 'igh falsetto voice, and addin' much embroidery of his own, he chanted to the

mob the god's decree. The effec' was almost magical. To see him chosen 'igh priest of a dragon proved he'd discovered the error of his ways. Besides, did he not tell them that he was bidden to take a journey on the dragon's business, an' that neither his fellow townsmen nor the foreign joss men would see his face for many moons to come? Liftin' their yellow faces from the mud, and rising to their feet, they made a final obeisance to the dragon, an' turned to go.

"Even as they did so, a third streak of orange fire cut its way to the zenith, and a couple o' seconds later the whitewashed front o' the consulate was once more plunged in darkness. The brilliant shaft of light, slewin' across the sky, again bridged the inky river to the summit o' Pyramid 'Ill, and again the dragon was seen there, roarin' an' crowin' alternate, and winkin' his eyes like 'eliographs. Then the great light went out, an' the night seemed blacker than ever.

"With a gasp like a catspaw o' wind, the mob scrambled 'ome to their flea bags.

"We were a couple of 'undred miles below 'Ankow on the return trip when the skipper sent for me one evenin' in his cabin.

"I've been given to onderstand,' he says, 'that you were the leadin' 'and in that Ichang pantomime. Un'appily,' he says, 'I ain't on speakin' terms with Mr. Jannaway, and that's why I've sent for you. Now, about that defense o' the consulate?'

"There wasn't no defense,' says I, not feelin' called upon to explain infantry tattics to an amatoor.

"Well, touchin' that there dragon, then,' says he.

"There was two of them,' says I.

"Damme!' he shouts, 'I know that as well as you do.'

"I didn't know that you did,' I replies; 'the pore benighted 'eathen didn't, any'ow. You might 'ave thought with them that there was only one dragon, and that he crossed an' recrossed the river on the search ray.'

"With that, the skipper looked 'ard at me for a minute and a quarter by the cabin clock. But he couldn't see nothin' to lay 'old of, my innercent face, as the sayin' is, bein' my fortune, sir.

"I misremember,' he says at last, takin' out his keys, 'whether you belong to the temperance brigade or no?'

"Then all of a sudden my conscience told me that I'd no right to with'old information from my commandin' orf'cer.'

"My best respec's, sir,' says I, settin' the empty glass upon the table. 'Well, as I was about to tell you. I was the life an' soul (in a manner o' speakin') of the dragon up to the consulate, while Lootenant Jannaway worked the dooplicate over on 'Pyramid 'Ill.'

"It sounded,' says the skipper, thoughtfully, 'like a menagerie and poultry show combined. Where the doose did the dragons come from?'

"Mainly,' says I, 'out o' the back of my 'ead, but partly out of the bo'sun's and carpenter's storerooms. When you've spent hours in temples studyin' a dragon's anatomy, it's wonderful what you can do with battens an' painted canvas, six fathoms o' copper wire, a few sheets o' tin, and some gold leaf.'

"It was the flashin' eyes, though,' laughs the skipper, 'what really did the trick.'

"Which reminds me, sir,' says I, 'that I've not yet returned them four lamps to the signalman.' And with that I wishes him good-night.

"Three months after we'd paid off the *Sneeze* and rejoined our respective vessels, the gun'ry lieutenant o' the flagship was specially promoted and given the D. S. O. for preventin' a massacre of Europeans by a mob of armed fanatics at Ichang."

Mr. Pagett rose from the bench.

"And what did you and Mr. Jannaway get out of it?" I asked, following his example.

"You seem to 'ave forgot," he answered, with surprise, "that him and me were marines!"



Tump, dumpy deede, here's a little bunk o' song,
 That my darter Marthy's young 'uns like to hear their grampy sing.
 It's gospel truth concernin' o' my neighbor, Tascus Long,
 Sort o' sounds beyond believin' that the critter was so strong,
 But I wouldn't lie to young 'uns—wouldn't do it, suh, by jing.

He was workin' in the medder, suh, a-buildin' up a wall,
 He didn't have no oxen, no, by thunder, done it all.
 Warn't a stun' he wouldn't tackle, suh, before he'd take a stunt,
 And he'd do a job o' liftin' that would make a derrick grunt.
 The ground was pruttly solid, suh, the medder pruttly dry,—
 I'm givin' ye the details, so ye'll see it ain't a lie—
 I see'd him h'ist a boulder up as easy as ye please,
 And lug it, though at ev'ry step he slumped, suh, to his knees.
 He slumped at ev'ry step he took, but still he ploughed along,
 Jest ponder it a minit, and ye'll see the crab was strong.

Row, deedy, dow de,

That was years ago!

'They ain't a-raisin' that 'ere kind, suh, nowadays ye know.

Tow-w-w deedy, row-w-w deedy, how is this for high?

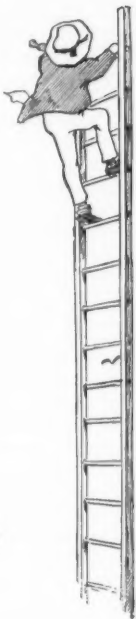
It's another little ditty that the young 'uns like to hear.
 It's cross-me truth relatin' to my cousin Isr'el Frye,
 I never knowed a feller 'twas so thunderation spry,

It's straighter'n H in harrer, though I'll own it's ruther queer.
 I see him take a ladder, suh, and stand it up on end,
 'There warn't a thing to brace it so it wouldn't tip or bend;
 He scooted up the ladder, suh, kersmacko to the top,
 The critter got a-goin' so't he couldn't seem to stop.
 And he straddled out on air, suh, and though it took some strength,
 He h'isted of 'er free and clear right up another length.
 And then afore that ladder had a chance to tip or fall
 He scooted up the rungs ag'in without no fuss at all.
 And grabbin' up his trousers' slack he took a resky chance
 For there he held himself, arm's length, right out, suh, by his pants.

Row, deedy, dow-w de,

That was years ago!

'They ain't a-raisin' them 'ere kind, suh, nowadays ye know.



JAPAN'S QUARREL WITH RUSSIA

By R. VAN BERGEN

AUTHOR OF "THE STORY OF JAPAN"

TO one accustomed to look below the surface, a drama of surpassing magnitude is in course of preparation in the Orient. One of the chief actors is Dai Nippon Land where the Sun Rises, angry and red; the other, Russia, which, octopus-like, has been extending its tentacles over the Asiatic Continent in never-satiated hunger for territory. A passive actor, predestined to suffer, is poor Cho-son, the Land of the Morning Calm, at present rightly named; only the calm is under a sky of that leaden hue which presages a tempest. A prominent seat in the audience is reserved for China, which, in return for the honor, will be requested to pay the bills—a request so reasonable that no refusal will be accepted.

The quarrel between Russia and Japan is one of long standing, and one that is due to fundamental differences of character as well as to irreconcilable conflict of territorial interest. Russia is a European nation with an Asiatic heart. As Prince Ukhtomsky says, "Russia is at home in Asia." Though now persuaded to employ the wonderful steel, steam and electric instruments of modern industry, Russia is bitterly hostile to modern political institutions, and still clings to a conception of state long ago discarded by the rest of Europe. Russians abide almost contentedly in a condition of absolutism that no truly modern people would endure. And Russia claims that her governmental backwardness makes her peculiarly fit to rule Asiatics, who neither know nor wish to know the ways of the West. Japan, on the other hand, though Asiatic by birth and by geography, is European by assimilation. Since 1854, when Commodore Perry steamed into the harbor of Yokohama with a fleet of United States warships and extorted a treaty from the frightened Shogun, Japan has been trained by modern masters. Army, navy, government, courts, schools, banks, manufacturing, vehicles, roads, posts, and what is most wonderful of all, the people themselves have been Europeanized. Japan champions modern civilization just as surely as Russia champions mediæval civilization.

Japan is inspired by the spirit of the future just as surely as Russia is inspired by the spirit of the past.

In 1895, after Japan's remarkable series of victories in her war with China, Russia aroused the undying hatred of the Japanese by barring them from the possession of Liao Tong peninsula, which, according to the treaty of Shimonoseki, signed by Japan and China, was to be one of the fruits of conquest. Had not Russia taken care to secure the support of France and of Germany, and the neutrality of England, Japan would have fought it out then and there. Even in the face of the joint note which was presented at Tokio by the Russian, French and German ministers, protesting that Japanese possession of the Liao Tong peninsula would be a constant menace to Peking, a danger to the independence of Korea, and hence an obstacle to lasting peace in the Orient, the Japanese government allowed its generals and admirals to choose whether the answer should be peace or war. Had not military and naval officers agreed that neither army nor navy was in shape to continue offensive operations, it is probable that the Japanese cabinet would have yielded to the demands of the Japanese people, and have taken up the gauntlet thrown down by three European powers. In 1898 the feeling of hatred for Russia was heightened by the announcement on April 1st that the Russian flag had been raised at Port Arthur and Talienwan, and that Manchuria had been seized in the claws of the Russian bear. It was small consolation to know that other parts of China were saved from Russian aggression by various powers, France extending her possessions in the south, Germany getting Kiao Chau and Shantung province, Great Britain Wei-hai-wei and certain indefinite rights in the valley of Yangtse. Even the acquisition by Japan herself of control over the Chinese province of Fukien, conveniently adjacent to the Japanese island of Formosa, was trivial compensation for the loss of Manchuria.

At present the ostensible bone of contention is Cho-son, or Korea, as we call it; os-

tensible because, as in the war between China and Japan, the final disposition of the peninsula will not end the struggle; it involves, and will decide, the fate of China. To the world at large, and to Americans more in particular, it matters little if Korea disappear from the map. With its untold mineral wealth and rare fertility, Korea, under a firm, and at the same time benevolent government, would support millions of families in comfort. As it is, there is no country where government and people are so abjectly, wretchedly poor, the result of years of official corruption and its accompanying profligacy and waste. With an energetic and progressive population, Korea would soon be able to maintain its independence, for it is not a country easy to invade. As it is, the stolid invertebrates, flitting, ghostlike, across its half-neglected soil, deserve to be the servants of him who conquers them, as a condign punishment for having neglected the warning, thundered into their ears on the battlefields of A-san and Ping-yang.

The Korean dispute between Russia and Japan became bitter in 1896. A pro-Japanese cabinet was in power. The unpunished murder of the queen caused the King of Korea to flee in fear from his palace, where he was virtually a prisoner, to the Russian legation, whose guards had just been increased by the arrival of one hundred and twenty-seven marines from a Russian man-of-war at Chemulpho. By night every member of the old cabinet not a fugitive was dead. A new cabinet was at once formed. Anti-Japanese riots broke out, in which sixty-two Japanese were killed; and Russian influence was supreme in Korea. For one year rumors of an imminent Russo-Japanese war filled Oriental and Occidental newspapers. Finally, in February, 1897, the king returned to his palace, and a treaty, signed at Moscow, June 9, 1896, was published.

This treaty provided, "That the governments of Japan and Russia, recognizing the sovereignty and complete independence of Korea, shall in no way directly interfere with the domestic government of the country," and, "that in order to avoid misunderstandings in the future, whenever either Japan or Russia is applied to by Korea for advice or assistance, neither contracting party shall take steps toward the appointment of military instructors or financial advisers without previous consultation with the other."

On November 5, 1897, Great Britain was

brought openly into the controversy by an agreement signed by the Korean Minister of Foreign Affairs and the Russian *Chargé d'Affaires*, providing that Mr. Kuril Alexieff, a Russian, should be substituted for Dr. McLeavy Brown, an Englishman, as superintendent of Korean finances. The appearance of a large British and Japanese fleet off Chemulpho preceded an agreement between Russia, Great Britain and Japan that Dr. Brown should retain his post. On March 15, 1898, the King of Korea dismissed from his service not only Mr. Alexieff but also all Russian drill instructors in the Korean army. Since then there have been frequent rumors, always denied, however, by Russian diplomats, that Russia intends to discard ineffective diplomacy and establish herself by force in a Korean seaport.

As to Japan:

Japan has increased her fighting capacity both in land and naval forces, with a secrecy baffling the astuteness of even Russia's diplomats. Notice this fact, which appears to have escaped the observation of "our special correspondent." The records of the Diet, since its opening in 1890, prove that the existence of a cabinet in Japan was exceedingly brief, unless, indeed, a crisis threatened the nation. Under such circumstances, there is no more unanimous body of men than Japan's legislature, although, in order to stifle suspicion, discussions are in order, addressed "to the gallery." If a cabinet is forced to resign, the premiership has invariably passed into the hands of a different clan. Observe now, that, when Ito stepped out, his place was taken by Field Marshal Yamagata, who, with Ito, belongs to the Choshu Clan. There was no need for the services of that old wily diplomat, Marquis Ito, to check Russia. The man for the hour was Yamagata, the experienced organizer of armies, whose efficiency had been tested. Nor did the Diet indulge in its usual tirades against Count Matsukata, personally an unpopular man with the hierarchy, but the foremost financier, and whose services as such were imperatively demanded. Japan needed well-drilled, well-equipped armies, without the world being any the wiser, and Yamagata undertook to furnish them; Matsukata was to provide the necessary money, and, no doubt, has completed his work. As soon as Yamagata resigns, and is succeeded by Marquis Ito, it will be a token that hostilities are imminent. Under no other circumstances will Ito be called upon to take the helm.

Japan has recently placed several loans in England. Her minister to London, Mr. Kato Takeaki, is on a visit home, and recently delivered an address upon England of so complimentary a tenor as to suggest that further favors in a pecuniary direction will be highly acceptable. The terms of the address caused unqualified surprise, because, without any tangible reason, a strong anti-English sentiment prevails.

Another fact, which has been passed over without attracting comment, is the recent promotion of Mr. Komura from the Japanese legation at Washington to that at St. Petersburg. The only Russian diplomat who inspires feelings akin to fear in Tokyo is Count Cassini, who, when representing the Czar at Peking, with the greatest suavity deprived Japan of the fruits of all her victories, and appropriated them to his own country. It will not cause any surprise if this most astute of diplomats were called at any time to the Foreign Office at St. Petersburg, where his intimate knowledge of Japan, Korea and China will soon be of the greatest service.

It is scarcely necessary to mention that the *Tsukishima*, the largest and deadliest of sea monsters, is hurrying to join Japan's by no means despicable fleet. The *Fuji* and the *Yushima*, two huge battleships, have been ready for some time. Almost every dockyard in England, Germany and France has been pressed into service to help increase Japan's navy. The United States contributed two cruisers, the *Kasagi* and the *Chitose*. Nor were the dockyards of Japan idle. All these ships are manned by crews to whom no command will be more cheering than that of "Clear for action!" Every man of them has been taught, and knows that Japan's discomfort in the retrocession of Port Arthur and the Liao Tong peninsula was the work of this foe, and such knowledge will nerve the muscle and steel the heart.

Now, as to Russia:

No one in America has esteemed worth noticing the recent recall of Baron de Rosen, the Russian Minister to Tokyo, although mention was made of the appointment of his successor, M. Ivanoff, whose reputation as a diplomat precedes him. Nor has it attracted attention that when seven Russian men-of-war and transports collected at Nagasaki, the Japanese government, after their departure, issued a regulation forbidding more than two warships of any nation from entering its ports at a time. Again the Russian government for many months has been hurry-

ing the departure of reinforcements from the Black Sea to the Far East, regardless of expense. Here is the record for December, 1899. On the 16th of that month more than a thousand men left in the cruiser *Ekaterinoslav*, besides a large number of army surgeons, nurses and attendants. The official explanation was that this hospital corps was intended to fight the plague in Manchuria—a flimsy pretext. The cruiser which left about a week before the *Ekaterinoslav* also carried heavy reinforcements, besides over forty naval officers, destined for the fleet, large quantities of stores and ammunition, and guns of heavy caliber. Another cruiser of the volunteer fleet was to follow in a week, with a large force of Cossacks and other troops. The *Moskva*, which was assigned for this purpose, was damaged in a collision. Orders were received by telegraph to repair her in the shortest possible time; she was to leave at the earliest date, and to steam to Port Arthur, at no less than sixteen knots. This rate of speed alone means an extra expense of 30,000 roubles for coal.

If Russia conquers, Japan's ambitious career ends then and there, and the Island Empire will be compelled to seek expansion by the peaceful paths of industry and commerce. There is no fear of Japan's independence. Her shores, almost a continuous chain of bold bluffs, have been made impregnable, and are defended by the most modern guns.

But if Japan defeats Russia, the Mongol will speak with a voice commanding attention, and "Asia for the Asiatic!" will no longer be an idle boast. With Korea annexed, Japan will carry out her purpose regardless of the time required for further preparations. She has proved her unconquerable tenacity in the history of the past five-and-twenty years. Steadfastly the aim was held in view: Japan, to be independent, must be strong. She succeeded—and deserves her success.

The odds are by no means such as to render any forecast of the future possible. Russia, with the Trans-Siberian Railway uncompleted, is at an impossible distance from her base of supplies. Granted that stores have been laid in for the past three years, Russia is unable to replenish them or to supplement them by requisitions upon the country. An army of even 75,000 men consumes large quantities, thus creating great difficulty. If the Russian soldier is not bred in luxury, the Japanese is more than his equal in the slight amount of food necessary to

his support. Besides, the war with China has proved that the commissariat of Japan is above reproach.

Here, then, is a powerful factor in Japan's favor. But look for a moment upon the two opponents with an unbiased eye. On the one side stands Japan, comparatively small, but compact, wiry and full of fight. On the other, Russia, no less anxious for the fray, huge but unwieldy. The vast empire, extending from the Baltic in Central Europe to the confines of Asia washed by the Pacific is not homogeneous. It is composed not only of different nations, but of different races. It is very doubtful, to say the least, if an autocratic, or rather despotic, government can arouse the patriotic feeling necessary to a successful issue in a campaign of aggression, where no distinctly national cause is at stake. What is beyond doubt is that the exiles, composing no inconsiderable part of Siberia's scanty population, can not be expected to shed tears at the defeat of the government, nor their blood in its defense. Above all, Russia can not denude her western frontier of troops. It was an admirable move, that Peace Congress at the Hague, especially when the "colonies" were distinctly excluded from the rules to be adopted. Recent events elsewhere have demonstrated the value of such deliberations when the interests of a strong power are threatened. All Russia has gained is in the enhanced reputation of her diplomats. Japan's victory, then, will shake the Asiatic part of the Russian empire to its very foundations.

But it is China who will pay the piper, regardless of which loses or wins. Is it fate, or what is it? For more than fifty years the huge, inert, reactionary empire has received blow upon blow. Sometimes it has made a spasmodic effort to ward them off, always ending with a stolid submission to the knife. It has lost all, or nearly all, of the tributary buffer states, once conveniently guarding its approaches. Within recent years the very cradle of the Manchu was threatened by alien guns, yet the tenants of the Forbidden City stirred not. Is China a corpse? Has dissolution set in, that member upon member drops upon the slightest touch?

Heterogeneous as the Middle Kingdom is, and composed of many, originally different tribes, the Chinaman has many admirable and some lovable qualities. His Mongolian features and absurd queue may not impart attractiveness; his sturdy characteristics deserve respect. His unwearied industry, thrift, commercial integrity, submissiveness

to law, his respect for social order; all these entitle him to favorable notice, and his deeply-rooted love of home and family commands more than respect. He has his vices, but he could be cured of the two most prominent, the opium habit and gambling. Taken altogether, his vices are surpassed, if not condoned, by his virtues. It has been accounted almost as a crime that he is ignorant of the meaning of the word patriotism. But who shall blame him, when the word "official" is synonymous with corruption and speculation. Patriotism is not indigenous to the soil whose dishonest officials undermine the respect for the law and for those who should administer it.

Korea on a small, China on a large scale, are frightful examples of the paralyzing effect of corruption upon the state. There is no other way to account for the palsy of the heart prevailing at Peking. And yet, it is only six years ago since poor Kuang-su culminated his proscription against the despised Wo-jin, and the merry little Japanese, unmindful of its thunder, marched blithesomely over whatever hosts China could muster. Here was an object lesson! Could there be a ruder awakening from the sloth of prejudice? Trepidation prevailed for a short time within breasts moved only by the most sordid of human passions, while muttering the precepts of moldy sages. The impression, mere skin-deep at the best, disappeared with the sense of personal danger. "Let sleeping dogs rest," is one of the principles moving the learned Han-lin; *après nous le déluge*, appears to be the other; a combination rendering the foretelling of disaster an irrefutable certainty.

Everybody familiar with the cumbersome machinery of the Chinese government can only wonder that it held together for such a long time, after contact with the active spirit of the Occident had fully demonstrated its antiquated methods, resulting in absolute helplessness. The Son of Heaven dwelt in the unhealthy atmosphere of prejudice and ignorance, stifling every praiseworthy impulse. Ruler in name only, so long as his adopted mother lived, the inexorable law of Filial Piety compelled him to obey her every behest. And he had good impulses, poor Kuang-su! when it dawned upon him that the monarch of four hundred millions of human beings owed them at least the duty of organized protection. Then the incarnation of Mandarin inertia, the Empress Dowager, appeared from behind the screen, and made herself the instrument from which the Man-

chu Dynasty will receive its death blow. Whatever betide, whether Russia be the victor or Japan, the Manchu is doomed!

But, surely, among so many millions of souls, one *man* will be forthcoming, able to prevent the utter disappearance of the oldest nation, whose very antiquity renders it venerable. If not, there is no power on earth able to prevent the breath of progress from animating its countless atoms. Even now, the steam whistle is heard all over its principal artery, the Yangtse River, as far as fourteen hundred miles from where its waters enter the muddy Yellow Sea. By the side of the pagoda, fitting emblem of China's hoary age, there rises the brick chimney of the cotton mill, representative of the vigor of this century. It is the Mandarin, concealed behind the ignorance and prejudice of the lowest coolie, who opposes the introduction of the iron horse.

The next question is: What will be the action of the great powers of Europe? The failure or abstinence of Russia to profit by the crisis through which Great Britain passed recently will demand reciprocal services in the struggle with Japan. It is barely possible that Russia was compelled to refrain by a secret treaty between England and Japan. What lends color to this possibility is the agreement of the Tokyo government to transfer the guns ordered by it, and ready for delivery, to Great Britain. Besides, Sir Ernest Satow, the British Minister at Tokyo, and the best Japanese scholar in existence, has had frequent and protracted conversations with Viscount Aoki, the Minister of Foreign Affairs.

France and Germany will, it is expected, be attentive spectators. It is scarcely possible that the French Republic will join her fleet to the Czar's. In doing so the French colonies might be exposed to grave danger. As to Germany, it is foolish to believe that the emperor would expose his incipient navy.

The destruction of China's autonomy, or the fall of the dynasty, will arouse the attention of the known world, and not least, that of the Great Republic. Indeed, so incalculable are the interests of America in securing its share in the free and unrestricted commerce with four hundred millions of people, that bluntness of speech must be excusable in discussing probabilities, which at any time, and with but brief warning, may change into actual facts. If Japan conquers, she will make a virtue of necessity, and, for a few years at least, promote trade with the United States, until, as she is doing, and has

done at home, her new subjects have learned all the foreigner has to teach, when she will prepare for competition on a stupendous scale. Beyond the danger of this competition, looms the phantom of a Mongolian alliance against the Caucasian. No idle phantom, by any means! Unfortunately those are but few who have followed the trend of recent events in Japan. But these few are aware of the strong race spirit animating that virile nation. It is that same spirit of hostility toward the Caucasian which sustained the Japanese in accomplishing the marvels, now enabling her to face Russia with a sneer of contempt. Mention has been made of her new policy: Asia for the Asiatics! If she remains victorious in this war, the world will not be left in ignorance of what that cry portends.

On the other hand, if Russia wins, and "urged by political necessity," or by any other phrase equally convenient, signifies her intention of appropriating a respectable part of China, the same consideration may lead her to close the door, without consulting or advising any power. Let this be remembered. When the Spanish-American war broke out, the United States solemnly proclaimed to the world that this was no war of conquest; yet, when peace is restored, the Great Republic has acquired title to Porto Rico and the Philippine Islands. The American Executive, in doing so, did not establish the precedent that war abrogates treaties, and assigns solemn promises or declarations to the waste paper basket; he simply followed a well-defined privilege of the victor. But the question is: Will Russia or Japan, signers of the Open Door guarantee, rightly described as a triumph of American diplomacy, remember one iota of that agreement, once war has whetted the desire for conquest? Will they consider themselves bound to abide by it, after the example set by the United States? He must be an optimist, indeed, who attaches such value to the signature of a diplomat, and has never heard of the mental reservations, to which those gentlemen claim the right. Or will the United States enforce the agreement it has secured? In that case the suggestion may be offered of an imitation of Japan, in ordering warships from every available dockyard. At any rate, it may confidently be expected that the administration, properly informed by our able ministers at Tokyo and Peking, will have duly prepared for the issue, whatever it may be, and adopted a well-defined policy whereby American interests will be protected.

TEN YEARS' TRIAL*

THE STORY OF A SOLDIER'S STRUGGLE

By BRIG-GEN. CHARLES KING

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Eric Langdon, Lieutenant of Artillery, U. S. A., in garrison on the Pawnee River, has married a shallow and extravagant wife. In the fourth year of their marriage Mrs. Langdon dies, leaving her husband swamped in debt. In his embittered state he at times seeks the solace of liquor. Lieut. Langdon has two good friends, brothers-in-arms, Ronald May and Major Melville. But he has also an insidious enemy, Captain Nathan, a purse-proud, cowardly snob, who rejoices in Langdon's every misfortune. Finally, when he has struck one of his brother officers for insulting Major Melville's niece, Captain Nathan has him arrested and court-martialed. The verdict is dishonorable dismissal, but before he leaves the garrison, Langdon upbraids Captain Nathan for the hatred he has shown and makes the prophecy, that in ten years' time their relative positions shall be reversed. Captain Nathan does not find his popularity in the post increase after Langdon's dismissal. Meanwhile Langdon is in Chicago, trying to secure a position on a railroad. He is weak with hunger and the sense of his disgrace is strong upon him. The superintendent of the railroad is about to engage Langdon. One of the directors is a friend of Captain Nathan and from him has learned much of the inside history of the post, including Langdon's dismissal. As soon as this director finds that the man seeking a job is Langdon, he tells him to get out of the office. Langdon goes away miserable. He is in an almost fainting condition as he wanders through the streets, when he is taken in charge by two soldiers in uniform, who recognize him. Langdon is taken by these soldiers to Fort Sheridan, just outside Chicago. At the fort is Nelson, a classmate and former chum of Langdon's, who has the sick man put to bed in his own room. Dr. Armistead, the assistant surgeon, is called. In him Langdon recognizes the man with whom his wife's name has been unfortunately linked during her career in Washington. Langdon falls into a frenzy of hate. Armistead retreats, requesting Nelson to send for Major Bloodgood, his senior. Later Major Bloodgood is astonished to learn that Dr. Armistead has left the fort without his permission. The clash that follows between Major Bloodgood and Dr. Armistead results in a newspaper sensation about Fort Sheridan. Through exaggerated stories in the papers, the garrison at Pawnee learn of Langdon's reception by Nelson. Captain Channing, persuaded by Major Melville, is seeking to secure a position for Langdon on the Missouri Valley R. R., of which Channing's brother is general manager. Channing is mystified by a telegram from Nelson, reading that Langdon has disappeared from Fort Sheridan, leaving no trace. Owing to a riotous railroad strike, Major Melville is sent to Brentwood, Mo. Captain Nathan is ordered to join him with re-inforcements. Through Nathan's cowardice his men are stalled on the way. Manager Channing directs a train filled with state militia bound for Brentwood. Major Melville is overjoyed to find Eric Langdon to be Channing's right hand man. Together they put the first check on the strikers. Eric Langdon distinguishes himself further in breaking up the strike. His courage and sense win for him the esteem of the railway officials and of the militia. Mrs. Melville and her niece, Ethel Grahame, having come to Brentwood to join Major Melville, are delighted to find Eric Langdon the hero of the hour.

IX.

EVENTFUL days in the life of Eric Langdon were those following the collapse of the great railway strike at Brentwood. It was but natural that the officials of the Big Horn should vaunt themselves over a victory that not only broke up a mob, but quite as effectually downed the Seattle. The chagrin of Messrs. Barclay and others representing that powerful and wealthy corporation could not be concealed despite all their brave show of satisfaction. The Big Horn had all trains running and its live stock in Chicago before the Seattle could succeed in firing a freight engine. The Big Horn behaved magnanimously to its misguided employees, for Channing was a man ever in touch with the great army of operatives, and knew how best to win their sympathies and willing service. Every engineer, fireman and train hand who had not taken active part in the destruction of property was back at his post inside of twenty-four hours, whereas, the anger, envy and disgust ranking in Mr. Barclay's bosom against the Big Horn could only find vent in malicious newspaper items at the expense of the rival man-

agement and heroic measures at that of his men. It was a day of disaster to the Seattle, and of triumph for the Big Horn, and the breach, already broader than the gorge of the Red Water, now widened between the roads. Channing couldn't help bragging and exulting, and it was bad policy. The Seattle was much the richer company of the two. Its stock was mainly held in England and the Eastern states, whereas the Big Horn was Western in ownership and management. Barclay gave a big dinner at the Brentwood House three days after the break of the strike, to which all local journalists and magnates were bidden, the cigars and champagne for which were expressed from Chicago, and in the post-prandial eloquence on that flowery occasion much stress was laid on the fact that the Seattle would rather suffer double its loss than that it should go down to history as having won its victory by means of shotted guns in the hands of hireling soldiery, leveled at the breast of Brentwood's manhood. Captain Nathan made an effective speech in response to the toast to the army. "It would have been an easy mat-

*"Ten Years' Trial" began in AINSLEE'S MAGAZINE for December.

ter," said he, "for my brave men to shoot their speedier way to the scene of action, but that from his great and merciful heart the general manager of the Seattle declared that he would rather the earnings of a thousand years went up in smoke than that the blood of one honest toiler should lie at their doors." Tremendous and long-continued applause ensued, through which Santley and Woodrow sat in grim silence, and in which even Torrance only half-heartedly joined, for well they remembered Barclay's almost frenzied appeals to Nathan to get ahead for God's sake and do something, if he had to dam the Red Water with the dead. Melville, his eyes covered, his head still bandaged, lay upon a low couch in an upper room, attended by his devoted wife and niece. The sound of revelry by night came from below with explosive puffs, and the manager of the Brentwood twice tapped at the door to express his regret and anxiety, and the hope that the major wasn't being disturbed. "It's the Seattle's blow-out," he explained, "and the road's setting 'em up for all comers, apparently."

"When does the Big Horn set 'em up?" asked Melville, with a smile of amusement.

"The B. H. don't have to," answered Boniface. "By the way, sir, Mr. Channing goes East again to-morrow, and he hopes that you will feel able to see him. Of course *he* isn't at the banquet," he added, with a grin. "We've had a queer time with the rival factions in the house."

It had indeed been a queer time. Barclay, as became the managing head of a great road, had taken a suite of rooms on the parlor floor with his secretary, typewriters and assistants, while Channing and his one aide-de-camp, Mr. Langdon, occupied modest rooms on the floor above, and attended to business over at the station. Barclay nodded patronizingly when he met or passed Channing, and once so far unbent as to take one hand out of his trousers' pocket and extend a finger to his rival. But he never seemed to see Langdon, and Langdon had an aggravating way of looking straight into the other's face in a calmly speculative manner, as though he considered him some curious specimen of the "freak" family, a subject for leisurely contemplation, but in no wise a thing to be accosted.

The regular officers and many of those of the state troops took their rations at the Brentwood the few days they were there on duty, and it was curious to note the effect on the two occasions that Langdon entered

the dining-room while the military was there. The guardsmen to a man either arose to shake his hand or else whirled around in their seats and waved him joyous greeting. Woodrow, of the artillery, too, sprang to his feet and ostentatiously went half across the dining-room to clap him on the shoulders or slap him between them on the broad of the back. Once, finding a vacant seat by Langdon's side, the rash subaltern quit the table of his commanding officer and finished his dinner at Channing's, and Nathan and Torrance, who never saw Langdon at all, took prompt note of the desertion and held it up against the youngster as an affront to be expiated through many a slight and snub and semi-official annoyance when they harked back to Pawnee. It was plain that Langdon was a marked man in the eyes of the populace; envied, respected and esteemed by one element, and feared and hated by another.

"It's just as well you are going with Mr. Channing," said mine host of the Brentwood to him the night of the banquet. "There's a bad under-current here that will never forgive your spoiling their plans, and those fellows of the Seattle, who would have thanked God for your services at the time, are now doing the best they know how to stir up sentiment against you."

"But I'm not going with Mr. Channing," said Langdon, promptly. "They've offered me a good position here."

The landlord was leaning against a column of the rotunda at the moment, smoking one of Barclay's best. A roar of applause and alternating currents of "He's a jolly good fellow" and "Auld Lang Syne" issued from the swinging portals of the hall, and Boniface had been listening with a comical grin on his face. But at Langdon's words the expression of amusement gave way to one of deep concern. Impressively he stood erect and placed a hand on Langdon's shoulder.

"My dear sir," said he, "I mustn't be quoted in this matter. I like you, and I want to see you come out all right, but—don't think of staying here. I'll say as much to Mr. Channing."

And he did. But Channing was flushed with victory.

"Who's to harm him? And what's to prevent?" said he. "Our men are all with us now, and they swear by him and will stand by him, and will see to it that he isn't molested," was Channing's answer. "He's just the fearless, reliable man we need for a certain kind of work, and here's the place for him."

But the landlord shook his head. "Mr. Channing," said he, earnestly, "I see and hear things you cannot see and hear because men look and talk sweet when you come around. It's their bread and butter. You manage your business in the interest of your stockholders and I must do the same for mine. I must attract custom, not antagonize it, and lose my job. I mustn't offend those fellows of the other road, for some of them are stockholders of this very shop, and they are not fond of you, much less of Mr. Langdon. If you want to reward and help him, take him to Chicago. Don't attempt to settle him here."

But the mere idea that one of his chosen should be menaced by the enemy was enough to set Channing solidly against a change of plan. He went to Melville's room in the morning to say good-by, and found that Boniface had been there before him, for Melville, too, was anxious. Mrs. Melville had gone out to do some shopping; Miss Grahame sat in silence, an absorbed listener. That evening Langdon knocked, as usual, at Melville's door to inquire what manner of day his friend had had, and whether he could be of service. Miss Grahame was just coming forth, dressed for the street.

"The troops go back to Pawnee to-night," she said, "and some of the officers are coming up in a moment to bid good-by. I thought I should like a brisk walk."

He hesitated a moment. He well knew to whom she referred by "some of the officers," and why she referred to them at all. It would be embarrassing all around for him to meet them there. It was significant of her own desire to avoid Nathan and his set that she should be going out just as they were expected. Langdon's first impulse was to offer to escort her, for night was falling and the electric globes were already sparkling on the snowy streets, and with all her independence and fearlessness Miss Grahame might be wiser not to go forth unattended. But he faltered. The weather had set in sharper, colder, and he had no civilian overcoat and would not wear the "frogged" and braided garment of his late rank and profession now that he no longer held the commission. He could have spared himself any scruples as to that, since dozens of civilians East and West wear that army overcoat because it strikes them as handsome, because it gives them an air of distinction, and because there is no law to hinder. It was not on account of lack of warm clothing he hesitated, but—one glance at his worn old busi-

ness suit, made three years before, and much too snug for him now banished all thought of tendering his services.

"I may go in, may I not?" he said, after a moment.

"Oh, yes," was the answer, as she threw open the door to admit him, and then as he entered stood there, thinking. Twice her fine, thoughtful eyes followed him into the room. Twice she caught herself listening for the sound of their voices and trying to catch the words. Then, with heightened color, turned sharply and stood within the room. A little party of artillery officers were issuing from the elevator. Another moment and they were knocking at the door.

"Good-evening, Captain Nathan. Good-evening, gentlemen," was her placid salutation. "Yes, the major will be glad to see you," and, one after another, she ushered the quartet into the dimly-lighted apartment where Mrs. Melville came forward to greet them. "You'll come up again to-morrow, Langdon," she heard Melville say as Santley bent over her to express his disappointment that she should be going out just as they were coming in. Couldn't she wait a moment, he would so like— No, evidently she couldn't. Moreover, she made it impossible for Santley to complete his sentence by calmly saying, "Now, Mr. Langdon, if you are quite ready," and thereby giving Santley to understand her escort was already chosen. Santley glanced at Langdon, turned red, and looked as though he really wanted to speak. Langdon, passing Nathan without a sign, looked straight into the eyes of his adjutant and plainly indicated that he had no desire whatever to converse with him. Two minutes later, in the keen, frosty air of the wide Western street, he found himself swiftly pacing the broad, wooden sidewalk, crackling with cold under their light footfalls, Ethel Grahame, with bright eyes and flushed cheeks and quick, elastic steps, springing along by his side, her hand within his arm. Had any one told him the day he so sadly left Pawnee that this would be a possibility in the near future, Eric Langdon could hardly have believed.

The air was crisp, keen and sharply cold, but there was no wind, and he never seemed to feel the lack of an overcoat. His old cutaway was a handsome, stylish garment when first it came to him three years ago, but buttons and buttonholes were straining now, as he filled his lungs with the ozone and oxygen of that rare, exhilarating atmosphere. The shops at the street corners at

first were brilliantly lighted, and the bridge over the Red Water was lively with sleighs, street cars, and pedestrians hurrying homeward. It was she who had turned southward as they left the hotel at the ladies' door, and it made no difference to him. His *habitat* was the north side—the yards of the Big Horn, but she had chosen the opposite direction, away from what might be called the residence side of the city.

"It is a fad of mine," she said. "I like to see as much as I can of every place I visit, and I've never been on the other side."

"Nor I," he answered. "Being a Big Horner now, my work keeps me at our yards all day."

"Do you like it?" she asked, after a moment's pause.

"It is interesting—and exacting," he replied, guiding her carefully over a broken crosswalk. The streets seemed neglected hereabouts. There was a saloon on every corner, and a knot of loafers at almost every saloon.

"I'm almost sorry you chose this route, Miss Grahame," he continued, noting the curious looks that were bent upon him and his companion, noting, too, an occasional elbow nudge among the loiterers.

"The Seattle side doesn't seem to be the better side, does it?" she answered, half laughing. "But then I've twice been to your station and the scene of your exploit. I thought I should like to see what was left of the Seattle. Oh, Mr. Langdon, I'm afraid there's trouble!"

Not forty feet away the double doors of a saloon suddenly swung violently outward, and a little group of men came surging and struggling forth. One, a young soldier in artillery uniform, hampered by his heavy overcoat, and bending double and striving to protect his head, was in the grasp of two powerful toughs, who, followed by a third, were furiously kicking and striking at their almost helpless victim. Half a block farther down the street, hurrying toward the station, all ignorant of the plight of their comrade, two soldiers were striding swiftly away. In an instant Langdon's voice rang down the wide thoroughfare, in the old time, powerful, commanding tones she had heard on the parade at Pawnee. "This way, 'D' Battery, lively! This way!" Then followed, "Stand here just one minute, Miss Grahame." And with that he sprang from her side. She saw him launch into the fray with the leap of a panther, lithe, supple, quick as a cat.

She saw the lightning blows that sent two of the brutal assailants crashing their full length on the sidewalk, saw him whirl upon the third, who darted back into the saloon, and the next instant an impressive tableau under the sputtering electric light. Langdon, bareheaded, spare and athletic, with clinching fists gazing down at two bewildered ruffians slowly struggling to their feet. A young batteryman, blood-covered and feeble, clinging to the lamp-post; a barkeeper in shirt sleeves, with two or three satellites peering out from the doorway, and two stalwart soldiers, just arrived, facing their former officer, and with the instinct of long habit, standing at the salute.

Five minutes later the rescued batteryman was being led away by his comrades, and a street car was conveying the rescuer and his fair, pale-faced, silent companion back to the hotel.

"Keep your eye open for those fellows after this night's work," whispered the policeman who had escorted them to the crossing, but Langdon paid little heed, for presently Ethel spoke.

"You must let me mend that coat at once, Mr. Langdon," said she, and, glancing down, he saw that the swelling muscles had burst both buttonholes at the chest, and the old cutaway was a wreck indeed.

X.

Three days more and Melville was pronounced well enough to travel, and Langdon was alone. The first flush of enthusiasm over his exploits had died out. The populace of Brentwood had settled down to its usual routine, and but for some scores of unemployed men and a gang of troublesome tramps infesting the outskirts, little was left in the town itself to recall the excitement and turmoil of the days of the strike. Over in the yard of the Seattle, masons and carpenters by the dozen were busily at work, nearly all of them local craftsmen. The ill wind that whirled the Seattle's thousands up in smoke and flame was blowing modest hundreds into the pockets of Brentwood's artisans, and through them to the coffers of Brentwood's merchants. The Big Horn might be the better managed road in some respects, said Brentwood, but the Seattle brings the money. Barclay's banquet had turned many a head, and not a few hearts among the municipal leaders, and Barclay's dollars were potent among the people. The regulars had gone home over the Seattle, the guardsmen

had preceded them over the Big Horn, and the roads had returned to the guardianship of their own watchmen and Brentwood's police. The sheriff had discharged his extra deputies, and Eric Langdon, beginning the world over again on a modest salary, took counsel with himself in the absence of other advisers, and planned his daily life. It had been Channing's expectation that he should take a room near the yards, and his meals at the Brentwood, but Langdon had decided on rigid economy. It might be long months before he could hope for promotion and better pay, and it was his determination to save at least half of each month's stipend to go toward the payment of his debts, and ten dollars more to form a fund on which he could depend in the event of ills or accident. Mine host of the Brentwood hated, he said, to have him go, but directed him to a quiet, home-like little place where he secured a room and plain, but sufficient board under the roof of a widow whose sole support had been killed in a collision on the Seattle three years before. Yet the hotel man was at heart not sorry to see him go. He liked him well, but certain of the owners did not. He begged Langdon to come round and make himself at home whenever he felt like it, but secretly hoped he might be too busy. There had been a few days immediately following the strike when the mayor, certain of the common council, the district attorney and other prominent citizens and business men had expressed themselves as delighted to meet Mr. Langdon, and as grateful beyond words for his gallant conduct at a critical time. But since Barclay's banquet they met him with a certain constraint when they met him at all, for his duties kept him at the yards from early morn till after dark. There seemed to be just one set of men whose eyes lighted up at sight of him, who were eager to press his acquaintance, and many of whom never passed him without some semblance of a military salute. These were the members of the Brentwood Rifles, officially known as Company "C" of the Fourth Nebraska. One evening, hardly a week after Melville had gone, three of them came to see him. "Cap," they said, "was going to quit." He had been so quizzed and criticized for letting the strikers get away with their guns that he couldn't stand the pressure. The lieutenants were green, and wouldn't Mr. Langdon come round to the armory two evenings a week and drill them? Now, Langdon had been planning a course of reading in the library of the Young Men's

Christian Association, but the Rifles were importunate. Something might come of it, and he consented. Eighteen men appeared the first night—Tuesday—and thirty-eight the second, Friday. One of the lieutenants was the son of the leading banker of Brentwood, the other a young lawyer. Both greeted him civilly, and sat and watched his work with absorbing interest. The third night "Cap" came round and looked on. Forty-four men were in ranks, twice as many as he could ever scrape together for drill, and though he shook hands with Langdon during a rest and said he found his business required all his time and attention, and therefore he had concluded to resign, his manner lacked cordiality. Two weeks later a committee waited on Langdon to know if he would accept the command of the company if elected, and, after an exchange of letters between himself and Channing, Langdon said that if unanimously chosen and the lieutenants waived promotion, he would serve. Then it got into the papers. The members of the company as a rule were young clerks, book-keepers and salesmen, highly intelligent and full of enthusiasm, but their hapless experience had made them the laughing stock of the street boys, the railway shopmen and the vagabond class of the community, as well as of certain envious fellow citizens. "Tin soldiers," they were called, when all that was needed to make them a force to be dreaded by law-breakers was a captain who knew his business, could command their respect, and teach them steadiness, drill and discipline. Lieutenant Perrigo was presiding at the meeting when a sergeant arose and in a caustic speech pointed out their needs and defects, and saying there was just one man in the community capable of doing them justice, proposed that the captaincy be tendered to Mr. Eric Langdon, whereat the whole meeting, barring its presiding officer, sprang to its feet and cheered. There was not a dissenting voice, and forty-nine members were present.

Yet within a week the Brentwood *Banner* began publishing insidious little paragraphs. "It is understood that the Rifles contemplate a change in the captaincy. What has Brentwood done that several capable officers should be overlooked and the command tendered to a kicked-out captain from the army," was the first specimen. The *Examiner* asked if the Rifles expected to add to their popularity by putting at their head a man who would have slaughtered a score of fel-

low citizens, but for the prompt and merciful intervention of local officials. The *Examiner* was supporting the sheriff for reelection, and this official well knew the paragraph to be utterly unjust and untrue, but—he couldn't quarrel with his bread and butter, and it was best to admit tacitly, now that the danger was over, that he had actually interposed in behalf of the strikers. At all events, he did nothing to cause its correction. The *Brentwood Sun* (Populist) said if anything was needed to add to the contempt in which the Rifles were held it was the rumor that they had tendered the command to an ex-officer of the army whose drunken folly was so near to costing scores of precious lives not a fortnight since. And Langdon, who stood ready to devote valuable time and energy to the public service, with little hope of any reward whatever, read these insidious attacks with infinite pain and sense of wrong and injustice against which he stood powerless. Other influences, too, were evidently at work. The election which was to have taken place the first Monday in January, was postponed a fortnight. Boniface, Eric's friend of the Brentwood, took him aside and advised him to withdraw his name. The committee, on the contrary, had begged him to "stand pat." Meantime Langdon continued drilling and instructing the company, and two nights a week the armory was crowded with citizens whose interest had been aroused and who came to look on. Veteran soldiers, G. A. R. men, went away saying that fellow knew his trade up to the handle. Prominent business men looked on silently and did a good deal of thinking as they strolled homeward. Newspaper reporters, previously instructed, wrote scathing or satirical paragraphs about martinet mannerisms, imported instructors, dismissed drill masters and the like, and Eric, proud, sad, sensitive, would gladly have given up and shut himself in his sooty den at the yards, but for a letter from Melville to whom he had sent all the papers. "Stick to it, Langdon," he said. "The time will come when the very papers that abuse you now will have to change their tune." This was what the major's letter said, but not the major's hand. His eyes still felt the force of that cruel blow, and Ethel Grahame was his amanuensis. "I have faith in your future," said he. "So have I," in tiny letters wrote the amanuensis "E. G."

And so, despite the warning of mine host of the Brentwood, Langdon stood for election the third Monday in January—and was

beaten fifty to ten, the second lieutenant, and son of Brentwood's richest banker, being the successful competitor. "A Merited Rebuke," referring to Langdon, said the *Sun*. "A Merited Promotion," referring to Perigo, junior, a boy of twenty-two, said the *Banner*. "A Foregone Conclusion," said the *Examiner*. But it was noticeable that the last two named refrained from further active abuse of Langdon. The object of the magnates was accomplished in compassing the defeat of what the *Sun* called his "aspirations." Down in their hearts both editors and magnates realized that Langdon was a wronged and injured man. It wouldn't do to say so, of course, yet he had checked that mob at a moment when its triumph meant the birth of a reign of terror in Brentwood. He alone had stood between them and anarchy. They bowed to the behest of the Seattle because it practically owned them. The editor of the *Banner* met Langdon at the Brentwood two days later, stopped, stammered, and held out his hand. "Mr. Langdon, my name's Armstrong," said he. "I'm managing editor of the *Banner*, and I thought I'd like to say to you that I—I personally don't approve of the attitude my paper has had to assume in your case. I suppose you know the papers have to carry out certain lines of policy, and sometimes attack men whom the editors would much rather befriend."

Langdon turned very white. His hand naturally had been extended to accept that of the stranger—it is the American fashion—but now it was withdrawn. His lips quivered a bit, but his eyes never flinched from their gaze straight into those of the journalist's.

"I have no use whatever for the friendship of a man who will privately assure me of his good will," said he, "and publicly defame me." Then he turned his back on him and walked away.

Boniface saw the whole thing and gasped. Sherwood, clerk at the desk, and Bingham, Brentwood's mayor, were also witnesses, and the story spread. Here was a man who not only wasn't scared of a mob, but even dared the press, and the man who can do that in this land of freedom takes his life in his hands.

"You've cooked your goose," said Boniface, sadly, for he had grown to like Langdon more than a little and to feel for him deeply in his loneliness. "You've made an enemy of the most powerful newspaper man west of Omaha."

But he hadn't. Armstrong was poor; he

was the servant of the stockholders and they of the Seattle; he couldn't afford to throw up his job and see his wife and children suffer, but he had a conscience. He knew that Langdon was right and the *Banner* wrong. He was cut to the quick by Langdon's contempt, but the man in him overcame the sense of indignity, and, putting himself in Langdon's place and asking himself what he would have felt and said, he went back to his office raging, not at Langdon, but at Fate. He had seen much of Melville during that officer's brief stay. He knew his reputation—the story of his spotless life and soldierly career. He knew of Melville's sympathy for Langdon, and had heard Melville's high encomium of Langdon as an officer and a gentleman. He was filled with admiration of Langdon's conduct at the time of the riots, and had then referred to him in terms of unstinted praise. But, that danger ended, the *Banner* had to return to the paths of policy dictated by its owners, and Armstrong had been a journalist years of his life, and had fallen into the journalistic way of looking at things. He had become accustomed to seeing reputable citizens at the beck of the management, made the object of editorial scorn, invective and derision where the citizen referred to did not happen to be in accord with the views of the paper. He toyed with human reputation as a cat with a helpless mouse. He could blast a fellow being's good name in a stinging article and send reporters to him for information, an interview, or a favor every day of the week. He abused the Big Horn at the beck of the Seattle one minute, and wrote to Channing for passes for his family in the next. He could represent the Honorable Mr. Cadger as anything from an anarchist to an ass of the first magnitude in the effort to defeat him for Congress, and expect the ass to bid him to dinner and show him the sights when they met in Washington later. He could denounce the army as oppressors of the people, and its officers as insolent, overbearing, empty-headed, liveried satraps, day after day, and yet write letter after letter begging for a commission for his son. He could "rip a man up the back" in the morning's issue for opposing prohibition, and invite him to drink before night. He actually thought that his assurance of personal liking for Langdon ought to compensate for the harsh things said of him in the *Banner*, and was stung when it didn't. But at heart he could not but admire Langdon for his square, straightforward response. It was a revela-

tion, an eye-opener. It set him to thinking of the other side, not the paper side, of the question, and then he wished that he had that month to live over again. There should be no more abuse of Langdon in the *Banner* if he could help it, but, of course, there couldn't be retraction or amend. No matter what the injury, no self-respecting journal can ever be expected to come to that. It weakens the influence of the paper ever to admit itself in the wrong.

And so there was a certain reaction in favor of Langdon. Some of the Rifles resigned their warrants, secured their discharges, and then set to work to raise another company for Langdon to drill. The men were easily found. Seventy stalwart young fellows signed the petition and brought it to Langdon to add his name. Then it went to the governor. There were vacancies in the regiment. A company was mustered in at Neosha; another, made up mainly of farmer boys, at Gunnison Junction. But some strange, occult influence seemed against the would-be Brentwood Light Guard. The petition hung fire. State Senator Suplee and Representative Carter said that they would see to it that the Light Guard was duly admitted, but they didn't. Meantime the Rifles prospered, as a social organization at least, took in a number of honorary members at fifty dollars apiece, got a "swell" uniform, gave a series of most successful dancing parties, and what they termed exhibition drills, where the clock-work precision with which some thirty of their number executed the loadings and firings in unison, evoked tumultuous applause. It prompted the Rifles to issue a challenge to all comers west of the Mississippi and east of the mountains to compete for a valuable prize at the Exposition Building in April, the anniversary of their muster in, and the next thing the Rifles knew Eric Langdon was going down to Gunnison twice a week to coach the Gunnison Grays, Company "K," Fourth Nebraska, and Brentwood, which had refused to avail itself of his services, was properly scandalized that he should tender them elsewhere. The *Sun* couldn't say much now, because it was down on the Rifles anyhow, and catered to the farmers. The *Banner* wouldn't say much, because Armstrong was ashamed of what he had said, and this happened to be a matter that didn't bother the Seattle. But the *Examiner*, which had done what it could to make Langdon friendless in his new position at the yards, now duly and frequently expressed its abhorrence of the man who could

turn traitor to his own people and work against the best interests of the community in whose midst he had found a home and the livelihood denied him elsewhere. Appeals were written to Channing to compel his subordinate to remain at his post. Channing answered that his post now included Gunnison. Efforts were made to stir up a cabal against him among the Grays, but he had had a two weeks' start, and had won their good will, besides, there was now that thousand dollar prize hanging up for all comers, and companies from Minnesota, Iowa and Kansas had entered the list. So the Grays stood firm. Then the Brentwoods strove to hedge, and to limit the contest to companies that "had not received professional assistance," but that reacted upon themselves. Then the *Sun* was inspired to see what it could do to stir up a strike against Langdon in the yards of the Big Horn, where there must be men who rebelled against the supervision of a strict, soldier-bred overseer. There were, but they were in the minority, and the three who started and circulated a paper calling for Langdon's dismissal or a strike were suddenly, by Channing's order, hauled up before the superintendent and "given the sack." Then anonymous letters began to rain in on the superintendent at Brentwood and higher officials in Chicago. Langdon was drinking again. Langdon was gambling. Langdon was speculating through a broker in Omaha, and these, investigated unbeknownst to Langdon, fell flat. He had won the respect of the better class of men. He had become an expert train-hand. He minded his own business, yet was full of sympathy and interest in the affairs of the operatives and the crews of the trains. In March, the superintendent of the Seattle offered him a similar berth at bigger pay provided he would move to Sioux City, and the offer was declined. In April the great drill came off. The flag of the Rifles was trailed in the dust. They were not even "placed" by the judges, and the great prize was won in almost a walkover by the Gunnison Grays.

Time and again Langdon had received warnings from the police that there was a gang on the south side ever watching for a chance to "do him up," and from mine host of the Brentwood that there were influential men on the north side, potent in the councils

of the Big Horn, who would hurt him if they could. One day there came a curt summons from a local lawyer to the effect that bills to the amount of three hundred and fifty dollars had been placed in his hands for collection, and calling upon him to take immediate steps to meet them. Langdon called to inquire, and was curtly, almost insolently received. He learned enough, however, to convince him that two of the bills were those of dealers at Pawnee to whom he had regularly and conscientiously been paying ten dollars a month apiece. The inference was plain. Nathan had bought in the balance of the claims and sent them through Perrigo's bank for collection. In his trouble, Langdon wrote to Channing, but no answer came. Twice the latter had written him that the president and certain directors had spoken to him about Mr. Langdon's debts. It was evident that some enemy was hounding him, but so long as Channing was "on deck," as he wrote to Langdon, he could count on his support.

But Channing was no longer on deck. The incessant brain work, the strain, the immense labor devolving on an active official of the road whose business outdid its resources, had finally told. Nervous prostration and collapse had ensued, and Channing was downed at last.

It was the first week in May, and with all nature sweet and smiling about him, Eric Langdon came up from Gunnison on the early morning freight, his heart heavy as lead. He had spent the early hours of the previous night, Friday, working hard with the Grays, for their ambition was boundless now and they had entered for a competition in an adjoining state. The night itself he had spent trying to sleep under the roof of his friend the station agent, but sleep would not come, and twice he arose and went out and walked the platform under the glistening stars. On Monday, said the lawyer, that money must be paid. Langdon had no appetite for breakfast. He took a cup of coffee at the station restaurant on reaching Brentwood, and, though it was barely six o'clock, went to his office. Janitor and watchmen noted his haggard face and wondered at his early hours. Early as they were, some one had been there earlier. The safe door stood open—the cash was gone.

(To be continued.)

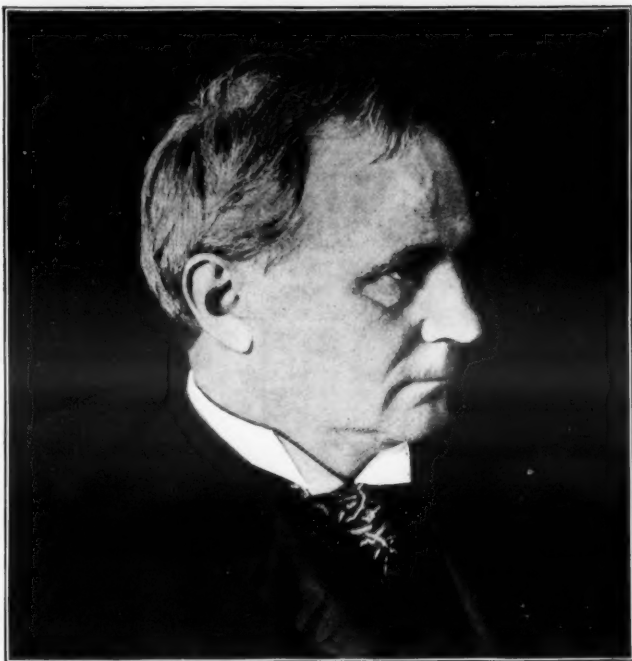


Photo by Frances B. Johnston.

CHAMP CLARK, THE MAN AND HIS DISTRICT

By THEODORE DREISER

NO one that has met the Honorable Congressman from the Ninth Missouri would doubt that Champ Clark comes from a part of the country as characterful as himself. His broad face, stout body, keen, gray eyes and restful manner mark him emphatically for the West. There is something in the pursed lips, set against even teeth, the broad brimmed hat, pushed genially back upon the forehead, the heave of the body by which he rests now on one foot, now on the other, that shows him to hail from a region where easy manners and aggressive independence are still the rule in the individual, and not the exception. When he utters his slow, measured, "I hope *you all* will excuse me," he settles conjecture. "*You all*" is good *Missouri* for you. In the famous Pike

County, where he lives, you will hear nothing better than this. He gets his style from his constituents.

The Ninth Missouri is proud of Champ Clark. The whole state admires him, but the Ninth considers him a fine type of itself. There you will hear him spoken of by his good, old hidebound Democratic supporters as you hear fathers speak of their sons.

"Champ's a pretty able man," they will tell you, with a fine mental reserve. "He's as smart as a whip."

If you imagine this is poor praise, accuse Champ Clark of being a poor twig of Democracy. Then you will hear something which will make clear why he is invincible in his district. When Missourians of the old school like a man, they like him all over.



Drawn from a photograph.

Champ Clark's Home at Bowling Green When First Elected to Congress.

"Oh, Clark's got good friends out here," one said to me. "His best ones 'ud go through hell and water to save him, I guess. He's as smart a man as you'd want for that job."

To understand a political character of this sort, we must understand his district. The average Congressman at Washington, neatly dressed, smooth-mannered and pleasantly conversing upon broad American principles, savors little of the crude condition from which he has sprung. In the luxurious atmosphere of Washington, the rough county trapper walks a different man. He meets a class who may never have seen the rough district with which he is so familiar. He enters an entirely different world, a world where his position is accepted, where the means by which he has risen are unrecognized. Here he is a Congressman, pure and simple, with all the dignity that attaches to the office, with all the smallness that it may indicate.

Back of him may be, as in the present case, a country and a people wholly strange to the capital atmosphere. The land is of meagre population, of crude habitation, of old-fashioned ideas, of simple, almost primitive, amusements. The long roads lie untraveled save by the hardest necessity. The fields may be cultivated in the crudest way. The majority may not see a railroad train once in three weeks. A daily newspaper may be a rarity, except in the case of the best of

the local families. The fathers are rough and husky—their one comfort their home, their one diversion, politics. The mothers are excellent housewives, whose world consists of husband and children. The children, hale, quiet-mannered youngsters, have a drawl of voice and manner which would make their city cousins stare. Often they are studious, and of that solid stuff which reinforces the cities with brain and brawn, and



Drawn from a photograph.

Champ Clark's Present Home at Bowling Green.

gives to the world men of mark. When you find such a district, you will sometimes find a man who represents it. Such a representative is Champ Clark.

The Honorable Congressman from the Ninth has a district which is as interesting as he is. It is one of the fifteen gerrymandered portions of Missouri which have sent to Washington such men as Dockery, of Galatin, Cowherd, of Kansas City, Bland, of Lebanon.

It was the Eighth, which adjoins Clark's district on the west, that, barring one term, kept Bland at Washington from 1873 until the day of his death. It is the Third that has done nearly as well by Dockery. The Ninth is one which is gerrymandered, but not in Clark's favor. It has a great many more Democrats than it needs to elect a Congressman.

"We was just a-wasting votes up here until we decided to help out the Thirteenth," one white-headed patriarch said to me, "so

we threw out two counties and took in Gasconade and Crawford. They're naturally Republican, but when they're in with us they can't do much damage."

These two sad-fated Republican counties now cast their votes in vain. A rousing three thousand majority greets the Democratic nominee, whoever he may be, providing the Democrats are not quarreling among themselves, which happens not infrequently.

In this district the voters are known personally to the leaders, the leaders are solid men of the community. An element of individuality comes into play, and on which the leaders must count. The average citizen knows his own district as he knows his best horse. He can tell you just what it can do

who represents it, but when a Congressman arises, who, by the very qualities which they admire, distinguishes himself, who has somewhat about him of the atmosphere and the soil which they are accustomed to, that man comes to embody for them the spirit of their local world. His manners are the manners of the district; his sentiments are the sentiments of the district. He walks abroad shod as they are shod and strong as they are strong. He comes to have their failings, as well as their virtues, and at last he is their representative. No one can beat him. There is no need for any one to try.

It takes a sterling sort of people to make a sterling leader. The men must have independence, the women virtue. Out in the



Main Square, Jonesburg, Missouri.

politically and financially. He is proud of its towns and its country districts, of its fertility and beauty. The man of the Ninth sees it in his mind's eye a long, straggling line of counties, shaped almost like the continent of Africa. He knows where the good towns are, where the rich valleys lie, where the streams run. He has heard of the political squabbles of this place, the financial difficulties of that. Jonesburgh, Montgomery County, is going to have a new opera house. So it is, to be sure. When you tell him that, it is of the same nature to him as information concerning his brother's eldest boy's success. It is all family information.

The residents of such a district are proud enough to want a good leader. It is the district they love, more than the Congressman

Ninth they have both. One still finds family life there operating almost upon a patriarchal basis. It is a region of large families, as well as of large convictions. The father who has nine stalwart sons is not a rarity.

"I just met Brother Weemans over here," said Congressman Clark while canvassing Gasconade County in 1896. It was during one of those long buggy rides over rough roads from one small town to another, and all sorts of topics were seized upon to relieve the tedium. "He's got nine strapping boys, and had 'em all there to shake hands with me. Said he wisht he had nine girls so he could make 'em all marry Democrats who would vote for me also. Good old man, Weemans is."

There are families much larger and just

as loyal. They live and propagate in one region, and finally become exceedingly numerous and of one name. There is a family of Tates in Montgomery County, seventy or more strong, all living in one neighborhood, and all Democrats. A family of Homans in another section of the district is equally numerous and equally Democratic. Family feeling does not end with one household. It extends to the homes of every son and daughter, and to the homes of their children and their children's children in turn. Speak of the Swart family out there and you are thought to be referring to several scores of Swarts, scattered all over the district. Family reunions are common, and embrace such multitudes that camping out is resorted to, and a picnic indulged in while they last.

Among the members of families blood feeling is strong. They concern themselves with one another, not so much to praise as to regulate. You must be industrious and energetic; your children must be well trained and sent to school. Your wife must know how to cook and keep a good home. They gently advise to this end constantly. It is taken for granted that this is the ideal of all. Whole families ride together for miles over rough, almost impassible, roads, to get together and discuss these things. Christmas and Fourth of July are times of the largest reunions. Election periods are the times when principles are thrashed over and party spirit unifies.

Champ Clark has little, if any, blood kin, as the word is there, but a vast number of

political and social friends who are close as blood could make them. Most of the Democrats of the nine counties claim a speaking acquaintance with him. Most of them have entertained him at one time or another. He has stopped at their gates, dined at their tables, slept for a night in their best spare bedrooms. He has talked politics with the fathers, encouraged and strengthened the political views of the sons.

Among his chief adherents you find men who have sacrificed not only time and labor, but hard-earned money, in the cause of their political idol. In almost every case, they expect nothing and receive nothing. Their reward is the triumph of their affections and prejudices.

"I went to my brother Morg," said one of Clark's supporters, in describing the latter's first Congressional fight, "and begged him

to let up on Clark. 'It doesn't make any difference to you,' I said. 'Why do you help my enemies? You know his enemies are my enemies. For God's sake, turn once now and help me.'"

"Did he?" I asked. "Yes, he did."

"And why did you make such a fight for the man?"

"I liked him. He's my friend. He is a friend of all my friends."

In the nine counties there are but 153,000 people, 60,000 of whom are gathered into

small towns. The remaining 93,000 are scattered over 3,000,000 acres of land. If all families were of the state's average size—five and one-half members—and these were evenly scattered over the district, there would be one such family to every 200 acres,



Metzler photo.

W. L. Gupton.

Chairman of the Congressional Committee.



Metzler photo.

A. H. White.

Champ Clark's Chief Supporter in Danville.



A School in Champ Clark's District.

As it is, with the large families prevailing in the country there are large tracts of rough, wooded land, low hills receding behind low hills, where you will scarce encounter a habitation. Throughout the entire district there are scarcely a hundred brick houses. You may travel for miles and miles and encounter nothing better than one-story log cabins, built of quarter sawed oak or hickory, and filled in between with plaster. Many cabins have mud floors. Plastered walls and ceilings are rare. Old style furniture abounds, great, crude walnut beds, old-fashioned rag carpets, piece quilts of the forties, clocks, coffee mills and stoves that have been in use anywhere from forty to a hundred years. These things are not the rule, but off the main-traveled roads, and on those little wagon tracks which follow the shallow beds of streams, you will find them.

The county seat of Montgomery County is Montgomery City, which has one railroad

and a population of 2,000. It is said to be the best town on the Wabash Railroad between St. Louis and Moberly. It is a good place from a trade point of view. Cattle, poultry, hides, dairy products and cereals are shipped from here. There are well-to-do citizens, men who have from fifty to one hundred thousand dollars, and yet Montgomery is without gas or electric light. The streets are unpaved, the water supply is one of wells and cisterns, and the houses are nearly all of one story. As much might be said for Bowling Green, the county seat of Pike County, and the home of Congressman Clark, as well as of Herman, of Gasconade, Steelville, of Crawford, Warrenton, of Warren, and several other places. Some of these have electric lights and made roads. At Montgomery cordwood is piled in front of the stores.

This is the region of the Missourian simon-pure. You will find many a Champ Clark loitering about the public square or moving with that easy grace so common to country towns. The big, broad-brimmed, soft felt

hat, the long coat, and flat, broad-toed shoes are worn by doctors, lawyers and politicians. Another type, equally numerous, wears the broad-brimmed, soft, white felt hat and heavy, red-topped boots. They are the men of corduroy jackets, and corduroy trousers tucked away in their boots.

Such are the men, such is the region to which Champ Clark appeals for his election every two years. Here he returns after each session, and here holds political conferences. He has staunch supporters in almost every county, leaders who organize and work for him, and who see that every voter is gotten out and lined up in his favor. There is a district Congressional committee composed of nine men, one from each county, and every man a leader in his county. They are presided over by W. L. Gupton, one of the shrewdest of the executive politicians, and a warm friend of Clark. These men say little and think a great deal. They give the enemy no opportunity to catch them napping. It is watch, watch, watch all the time, against factional uprisings within the party. Every now and then comes a Democrat to oust Clark from his position. Then Gupton and his associates look after Clark's fences and dig the pit for the enemy.

Champ Clark came to Missouri in 1875, from his "last job," as he called it, in West Virginia, where from 1873 to 1874 he had been president of the first normal school established in that state. From 1874 to 1875 he attended a law school at Cincinnati, Ohio, but that, as he has said, did not count. He was born in Kentucky, at Lawrenceburg, Anderson County, in 1850, and left that state when he entered Bethany College in West Virginia. Up to the time he arrived in Mis-

souri, he had earned his living and paid his way by serving at intervals as hired hand on a farm, as clerk in a country store, as district school teacher, and what not, reading law at night. For one year he was principal of the high school at Louisiana, in the county where he now lives. Then he opened a law office at Bowling Green, the county seat of Pike, where he has practiced ever since, except while in Congress. He mixed in politics, and though not a man to be counted social, he made sufficient friends to start

him on his career. He became first assistant prosecuting attorney, and then prosecuting attorney of Pike County. Later he was editor of the *Riverside*, now the *Louisiana Press*, and then ran successfully for the State Assembly. At the close of his term he felt able to try for the Congressional nomination. He began to look around him for those friends and that assistance which he has since retained and increased. His long residence in Bowling Green had gained him a reputation on which he could rest a plea for financial assistance to carry on the campaign in case he got the district nomination.

In 1890, when he first applied for the Congressional nomination of his district, Clark was forty years old, and thoroughly experienced in the politics of his county and state. He was poorer then than he is now. Of temperament more or less poetic he was inclined, because of his seeming narrow fate, to be morose. What were the small duties of a State Assemblyman to him? He felt he was fitted for larger duties. He had learning, he had ideals. He admired Aaron Burr and the invincible Benton. If he wished to emulate the example of any man it was that of Benton,



Photo by Frances B. Johnston.

with his strength to follow an ideal to his own political destruction.

At this time Richard H. Norton was Congressman, and had been for several terms. He had served faithfully, but without distinction. He was neither a favorite nor an object of dislike. In an eastern district, with a strong party organization, Norton could have endured by mere force of successful precedence. In a district like the Ninth, however, which possesses so much individuality, it could be only a matter of time before unrest would manifest itself. The voters love their district too well not to want to hear of it in the national councils. When the average man represents it, his tenure of office is never settled. His fight for re-election is never closed.

In the present instance, the district Congressional committee which looks after the fences of the Congressman in office was neutral. The members knew something of Clark and liked him. When he inquired whether he could get the nomination, they were friendly enough to advise him to try. Four of the nine counties, they told him, would send up county delegations to the district convention, which would be solid for Norton. Four others he could probably secure for himself by a personal canvass. One county, Audrain, was doubtful. If he could go into Audrain and capture the primaries, so that the coun-

ty delegation would be instructed to vote for him, he might enter the fight with some hope of winning the nomination. Since nomination here is equivalent to election, it may be imagined how hotly these preliminary movements are contested.

Clark invaded Audrain County, but after traveling it over several times, he realized that he could not carry the primaries, and so withdrew from the fight and returned to Bowling Green. He passed the intermediate two years until the next canvass, practicing law. Yet he was not idle politically. He had made up his mind to become Congressman, and he rummaged the entire district, picking up acquaintances, getting himself introduced and studying the political desires of his future constituents. All the old hard-shell Democrats were pleased with him. They saw in him the *representative* which Norton was not. Even on the district Congressional committee, a body supposedly organized to look after Norton's interest, were men who viewed the new aspirant with a kindly eye. Norton had been a compromise candidate. Factional squabbles in the party had brought him to the fore.

In his first canvass, Clark came close to the one man who has done him more good than any other in the district; the man on whose shrewdness and political sagacity, indeed his election to Congress has depended,



The Tate Family.

Father and eight sons vote solidly for Champ Clark every time.

namely, W. L. Gupton. He had known Gupton since 1881, when the latter was County Clerk of Montgomery. Since that day, however, Gupton had steadily risen, until, in 1890, he was president of a small bank at Jonesburg, and a promising political leader. Gupton knew every person in his own county by name and history, and was fairly familiar with the principal Democrats of the other counties. When Clark approached Gupton to discuss the possibility of his getting the Congressional nomination, Gupton figured out that if he could carry the primaries of Audrain and have that county send up a solid Clark delegation to the district convention, he would win. Gupton proposed to get him four delegates from Montgomery County 'n addition, which would have given him forty-three to Norton's thirty-five votes in the district convention. However, as previously stated, after looking over Audrain, the canvass was not made.

After two years, however, Clark was better able to make a fight. He had met the sound, old Democratic farmers, and had been assured of their personal favor. Not much of a man to talk, there was yet something in his quiet, reserved manner which won people. When the time came for holding the primaries to elect the delegates to the convention which would name the Democratic candidate, Clark had so contrived that he was moderately sure of carrying Audrain. His own county, Pike and two others, Ralls and Lincoln, were, thanks to the sagacity of his political friend and adherent, David Ball, now a candidate for Governor of Missouri, considered safe. The other four counties were controlled by Norton's men. This left one county, Montgomery, uncertain. Norton reasonably supposed that this county would send up delegates pledged to him. Clark, however, had Gupton there.

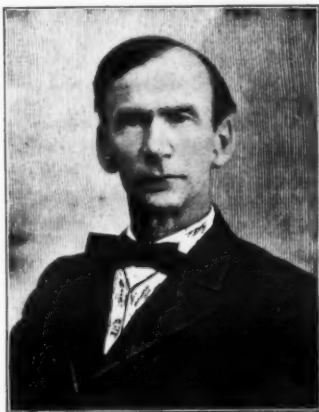
The policy adopted in this fight by Gupton was to concede everything apparently to Norton and so to ward off a thorough canvass until it was too late. His plan was to spring suddenly a majority of Clark Democrats at the primaries and have them

choose only Clark delegates. This scheme would have worked well enough had not one of Gupton's men spoken of it to one who was considered a Clark Democrat, but, in reality, was a Norton Democrat. The news spread quickly, and the next day it was plain that the biggest fight of the canvass would take place right where everything was thought to be safe.

In Montgomery County the Democrats, irrespective of Norton's personality, were some for and some against Clark, owing to his record on the division of the courts. Montgomery, like many another county, had for years been torn with dissension over the question of whether the county seat should remain at Danville or be removed to Montgomery City. The former place was and still is the county seat, but Montgomery City is by far the largest town in the county. It has the railroad, the population, the trade. Danville has the court-house. For long Montgomery had schemed to get the court-house. It had looked to it that such State Assemblymen as it could elect were men pledged to fight for the change at Jefferson City. On the contrary, Danville and the other towns of the county, jealous of Montgomery City, were equally determined to frustrate its ambition. The fight was carried into the State Legislature, where Clark, then Assemblyman, voted to keep the courts undivided and the prestige of Danville whole. This angered the citizens of Montgomery City, and so now, when he came to win the county against Norton, he found many Democrats who remembered his vote for Danville.

There was no such feeling against Norton. He had never been in the State Assembly, and had always dodged the squabble between the two towns, giving aid and comfort to neither. If the question came up now, he was sure to lose one faction or the other by being compelled to take a stand.

If Montgomery City and its faction were against Clark, Danville and its sympathizers were for him. As a matter of fact, even the Montgomery City faction liked him, but they wanted to punish him.



Hon. David A. Ball.
One of Champ Clark's Supporters.

"I want to see you go to Congress, Clark," said a sound old Democrat of Middletown, who belonged to the Montgomery City faction. "You're the better man, and I like you, but, by the Lord! I'm going to punish you. I'll lick you in this precinct if I can." Over in Danville, Clark had an earnest supporter in A. H. White, a sound Democrat of the old school and the oldest resident of the town. When the primaries were held there, this man organized the Clark forces in such a way, and so artfully worked in the prejudices against Montgomery City, that Clark delegates were elected from that quarter. In Montgomery City and the rest of the county, the honors were fairly divided, Norton getting about as many delegates as the new aspirant. The old Middletown Democrat was as good as his word and punished his favorite thoroughly by carrying the precinct for Norton. Crawford County sent up a contesting delegation, one crowd being for Clark, the other for Norton. When the district convention met, it was found that if the Clark delegation from Crawford were seated, Clarke would be nominated, and if the Norton delegation received the preference, then Norton would get the nomination. There was considerable bickering, and finally both delegations were seated, the Norton faction nominating Norton and the Clark faction Clark. Both sides recognized that this would never do, and so they finally decided to appeal to the Democratic State Central Committee. This body heard both sides, and decided to call another primary all over the district on the same day and leave it to the Democrats to decide for themselves. When this decision was reached, it

was seen at once that the candidate who could carry Montgomery County would be elected. Both candidates resolved to make their fight here, and both invaded that characterful region at once. Such wagon traveling, such stump speaking, such hand-shaking the county had never before witnessed. Both candidates rode back and forth over the county, spoke in every cross-roads school, addressed every barn-yard, invaded every household. The scattered firesides resounded with political contention. Clark lived in a buggy, traveling the rough roads by night and dozing in his seat. His voice was hoarse, his temper sad.

The gray days, the rain, the slush, the cold, weighed upon him. He tried to be hopeful, he wondered at the vainness of the thing.

"If there was a man, woman or child in Montgomery County that did not know Clark by sight and voice," said Brother White to me, looking back over the contest, "it was because they took to the woods when he was around. Such

another campaign there never was."

Clark had the district's heart. They saw in this strong, slow-speaking man their own kind, their own flesh and blood. Here was the good old Ninth walking around on two legs. They couldn't resist the influence of his presence. When it came to the primaries, the big-bodied Democrats wandered out in their heavy boots and slouch hats and registered a vote for Clark. He won handsomely, and was elected.

So Clark went to Congress. It was not long before the "big Piker," as he is called, went before Tammany Hall and told them of the manhood and the spirit of the West. The whole country heard of it, but particu-



Along the Missouri River.

larly the Ninth. It was pleased beyond measure. When he entered the House, that body was astonished at his wit and oratorical power. His bright humor, his quips and jests, and, above all, his chunks of Pike County philosophy caused his speeches to be widely quoted and widely read.

Clark lives in a small house at Bowling Green, as modest as any in the district. When he visits or campaigns in the various counties, at every Democratic household he is welcome. He has a buggy furnished him by every admirer to carry him to the next stopping place.

"How do you do, Mr. Clark?" said the mother of one of these Democratic households when he appeared unexpectedly at the door, during the campaign.

"I'm sick," was his reply.

"What can I do for you?" she asked.

"You can give me a bed," he muttered.

He was ushered at once into one of the big bedrooms, and, without a word, stretched himself and went to sleep, leaving when he was rested to make a speech farther on.

One of the elements of his strength lies in the fact that he is really vain and boastful of his constituents. He is known throughout the district to glory in the friendship of those stout old characters who are esteemed in their section for probity and honor.

"Clark blows so," said a resident of Gas-

conade County, "he never gets tired of telling about his constituents. He's got a man over in Pike with a beard seven feet and six inches long, and keeps it tied up. Clark never gets tired of telling how that fellow votes for him all the time. There's another man with nine sons who votes for him—sons and all—and he blows about them."

He mused over this, and then relented sufficiently to add "and well he arter."

For all his standing, Clark has his hours of depression. There are times in the midst of the toil of a campaign when he thinks fate is against him. One of his friends in Warren tells how he carried him in his buggy from one side of the country to the other. The weather was cold and wet, the road a quagmire, and the night wearisome. Clark folded his hands and held his peace.

"I never saw such a depressed man," his friend reported. "He seemed to think he couldn't win. 'It's no use,' he said, 'they won't come out. The Democrats around here don't care. I've toiled over the whole district, and haven't met a decent-sized crowd yet.' He felt as if there was no hope."

"How did he come out in the end?"

"Won by 3,000. There never was any chance of his losing."

The rain, the weariness, the single lights through the far-off trees had probably somewhat to do with this gloomy frame of mind.

OUR FOREIGN POPULATION

By JOHN GILMER SPEED

WE are not receiving as many foreigners as formerly. The enforcement of more stringent immigration laws checks this foreign flood to an extent, and the industrial prosperity in Ireland and in Germany, whence we have received in the past the greater numbers of immigrants, is not conducive to the breaking up of homes in the old country. Our foreign population is, however, very large, and the influence of it socially, industriously, politically and physiologically is very great. According to the last census, fourteen per cent. of the population was foreign, and thirty-three per cent. was foreign and of foreign parentage. According to the written law, a person born in the United States, no matter what the pa-

rentage, is as good an American as a person ever gets to be, and has as many civil and political rights as those descended from the Cavaliers of Virginia, the Puritans of Massachusetts, and the Quakers of Pennsylvania. As a matter of fact, however, the persons born of foreign parents are not quite American. In their home life the old-world ideas and methods were not discarded. They were generally modified, the surrounding social conditions were different, and the education at the schools was not the same; but still the children of foreign parents are not the same as those of American fathers or mothers. I am not saying that this difference is an advantage or a detriment. I am merely declaring that there is a difference. If I

were a candidate for office, I should not say this, for, singularly enough, neither the foreigners nor those of foreign descent like that their difference from the native Americans should be pointed out. But I am not to be a candidate this year, and in this article I shall treat those of foreign parentage as semi-foreign.

Physiologically, the influence of the foreign element in the United States must be very great. But we can only speculate about it in a vague kind of way. The base of what may be called the American stock is English, and any one who would care to know what the "heterogeneous Englishman" was in the early part of the eighteenth century has but to read Defoe on the "True-Born Englishman." According to the voracious author of "Robinson Crusoe," he was of very mixed blood, as England in the past centuries was as hospitable to foreigners as we have been in America during the last sixty years. Besides, on several notable occasions, England was overrun by foreigners, and the natives were compelled to be hospitable to their conquerors. Up to within the last two decades there was no immigration to this country that was not assimilative. The Germans and the Irish who came in regiments and armies quickly became American, and after two generations they lost nearly all traces of either German or Irish characteristics. Moreover, they do not feel obliged nor are they compelled by social customs, or impelled by predilections to remain distinct and separate. They inter-marry, the one with the other and with Americans of long descent, without hindrance or prejudice. And so the blood of these various nationalities is mixed and blended, and does not make us much more heterogeneous than when we started out. With the introduction of large numbers of immigrants from the Slav countries, it may be another matter, for the majority of these Slavs, set down in the official reports as Russians, Polish, Hungarians and so on, are really Hebrews who have been driven away from those countries not because of their religion, but on account of their methods of conducting business. For instance, the Jew is never by choice a producer. He prefers to be a trader, and preferably a money-lender. The serfs of Russia were freed as our negroes in the South have been. They became, as a rule, small farmers. Living for many generations under a feudal and patriarchal bondage, they had little experience in independent business. The Jew money-lenders and traders in Russia soon took advantage of

this inexperience and enticed these peasants into debt to them. Once in debt, the serfs quickly became slaves again—slaves to their creditors. It was to put a stop to this industrial condition and this re-enslavement that the Jews were compelled to leave Russia. We have been most hospitable to them. Of these Slavs we received for the year ending June 30, 1899, 60,982. To be sure, not all of them were Hebrews, but 24,275 confessed that they were. It is very likely, indeed, that more than 50,000 were Hebrews. The year previous we received 27,221 who were confessedly Hebrews, and the year before that 22,750. To get at an approximation of the real figures, we would have to double these. In the year ending with June, 1896, we received 45,137 Russian Hebrews. There is no way to get at the exact facts, but it is quite within the truth to say that within the last decade we have taken into this country half a million of these Slavs, who, in reality, are Hebrews. That we can assimilate them seems to be impossible. They will have to remain a race apart, as will also the negroes.

Leaving out of account the African, the Chinese and the Hebrew races, it seems likely that the others, however discordant they may seem in their history, their religion, their social customs and general methods of living, will, in the course of a few generations, be blended into what will then be the ordinary every-day American. He will be, as he is now, of every shade of complexion, from the swarthy Southern brunette to the blue-eyed, fair-haired North of Europe type. The dough may not be ideal in its composition, and the various sources are sure not to be supplied by any scientific rule of breeding. But the leaven is apt to make the result quite satisfactory. The love of national and personal liberty, the diffusion of education, the necessity for self-control, the freedom of speech, and the liberty of the press—these make the leaven which will save the American of the future, no matter how he may be bred, unless, by some unforeseen mischance, a preponderating quantity of debasing blood be introduced in a way and from a source not now apprehended.

Industrially, the foreign element in America has been very important. More than ninety per cent. of the immigrants who have come and are coming to this country are industrious and sober. They come to better their fortunes, and they set about doing it with great energy. The railroads and great public works in this country used to be built

by Irish laborers. I am speaking in general terms. Without them we would not have been able to make the great progress which justifies us in believing that our growth in wealth during the past thirty years is more marvelous than anything the world has previously seen. But the Irish have found other occupations, in which they can gratify their gregarious instincts, develop their wonderful talent for political organization, and in large and small ways enjoy the independence to spend and to accumulate which was denied to them for so long at home. They have therefore settled in great measure in the cities and taken up the occupations that in such places are open to them. These occupations range all the way from street sweepers to millionaire financeering, and include cab-driving, car-driving, being porters, bar-keepers, clerks, merchants, doctors, lawyers and editors. As professional politicians they have had no peers in the history of the world. They may be said to have a genius for politics. And the Irish who have not flocked to the towns are doing remarkably well. They are farmers all over the country, and their success in the North Atlantic division of the country, on farms that were no longer profitable under native management, has been most notable. As husbandmen they are frugal without being niggardly. Their remarkable political strength is due to the fact that they have kept together when it came to voting more consistently than any other people. Thackeray says somewhere, his observation being of the Irish in London, that there never was an Irishman so poor that he did not have another Irishman who looked to him for enjoyment and support. This was a tribute to their loyalty, their friendliness and generosity.

The Germans have come to America in greater numbers than the Irish, and their influence has been just as great in various ways, though it may not seem so apparent. According to the last census, we had with us 2,784,894 Germans, and only 1,871,509 Irish. I do not myself believe this a fair showing, as the census takers do not ask a man his nationality, but inquire where he was born. And we find that there are 909,092 English in America, nearly half as many as Irish. That seems incredible. I am inclined to believe that at least one-third of these English are Irish born in England—maybe, half of them. But they are set down as English. If, however, all were Irish, still, the Germans would outnumber them. Industrially the Germans have been of incalculable

benefit. They have made our best tradesmen of certain kinds, they supply a great number of skilled artisans, they have introduced and almost monopolize many manufactures—notably beer—and they are famous farmers and gardeners. Moreover, they almost invariably bring with them a satisfactory quality of knowledge, and no class encourages more liberally the diffusion of learning in its elemental forms. To them in large measure we owe the fact that we are a music-loving people, and the most generous and appreciative patrons of music in the world. Jan de Reszke, if he sings in Berlin, gets two hundred dollars a performance; if he sings here he gets at least a thousand. Wealth and taste combine to make this great reward. The Germans directed and encouraged the taste, while assisting greatly in creating the wealth.

Politically, if the Germans held together as tenaciously as the Irish do, they would be wonderfully powerful. At this time we have something like three million native Germans in the United States, and at least four millions more of German parentage. If these held together they would be an immense power. But they do not always combine, though politicians very frequently attempt to bring up questions which will cause them to do this. Nor do they settle, as some other North of Europe nationalities do, in communities composed mainly of themselves. They appear to go where there is the best opportunity for each in the field he chooses. For instance, in the North Atlantic division of the country we have 898,321 Germans; in the South Atlantic, 81,449; in the North Central, 1,570,112; in the South Central, 114,645; in the Western, 120,367. Here we see that the great bulk of them is in two divisions. This is not because they flock together, but because the great cities happen to be in those divisions, and in these cities the Germans find the opportunities they came to this country to seek. In New York State, on account of the several great cities—New York, Brooklyn, Syracuse, Buffalo and Rochester—there are 498,602 Germans. In New Jersey, with cities such as Newark, Jersey City and Hoboken, there are 106,181; in Pennsylvania, with Philadelphia and Pittsburgh, 230,561; in Ohio, with Cincinnati and Cleveland, 235,668; in Illinois, with Chicago, 338,382; in Michigan, with Detroit, 135,509; in Wisconsin, with Milwaukee, 259,819; in Minnesota, with Minneapolis and St. Paul, 116,955; in Missouri, with St. Louis, 125,461. Iowa alone among the states with-

out a great city has a large German population, there being in that great farming commonwealth 127,246. I estimate that of the Germans in this country eighty-five per cent. are of urban residence and occupation.

Of Scandinavians, that is, natives of Norway, Sweden and Denmark, we have 933,249. They have had a decided tendency to go into communities of their own kind, and we find that of these 709,351 are in the North Central division of the country, and the bulk even of these being in four states, as follows:

| States. | Norwegians. | Swedes. | Danes. |
|---------------|-------------|---------|--------|
| Illinois..... | 30,339 | 86,514 | 12,044 |
| Wisconsin.... | 65,696 | 20,157 | 13,885 |
| Minnesota.... | 101,169 | 99,913 | 14,133 |
| Iowa..... | 27,078 | 30,276 | 15,519 |

The Canadians who have come to this country have also to a very great extent flocked together. We have a total of 980,938, and of these 490,229 are in the North Atlantic division,* and 401,660 in the North Central division. In the South Atlantic there are 5,412, in the South Central 8,153, and in the Western 75,484. Very many of these are known as French Canadians. They are French of the last century, and are very simple and ignorant. In the places where they have settled they work as woodsmen, and as mill hands, though in New England very many domestic servants come from this source. When they come to this country they do not bring any ideas of luxury of living with them; but they quickly fall into our ways. Once I was in a cotton factory in Fall River. There were many barrels of mutton tallow at a certain place in one of the rooms. I noticed that holes had been bored in the tallow, and these were filled with petroleum. I asked the foreman the reason for this.

"To keep the French Canucks from eating it," he said. To my look of inquiry he gave this explanation: "When they first come here they are half-starved, and coming from a cold country, are naturally fond of anything that is fat. If that tallow were not tainted with petroleum they would cut great

hunks of it and eat it for dinner. If we did not treat it this way we would have to lock it up. But when they have been here a year or so they get as nice in their taste as the others, and want beefsteak three times a day."

Politically, in New England particularly, the French Canadians have to be taken into account, and a candidate for political office in any of the mill towns must be *persona grata* to these foreigners or carry a heavy handicap in the race. This is a large number of people to be incorporated into a country, and they have not had many advantages for many generations. In Canada they have been what might be called "native-aliens," for though they were English subjects, they were still French to the core. Here they will have a chance to expand and develop, and as they are sturdy and industrious, there is no good reason why they should not be a valuable as well as an interesting addition to the country. Massachusetts is the home of a greater number of Canadians than any other state, harboring 207,601. Michigan comes next with 181,416.

The Italians, who have taken the place in the field of labor formerly occupied by the Irish, constitute a very important part of our foreign population, and as they are still coming in great numbers, their presence with us is the cause of much interesting speculation. In 1890 the Italians were only 182,580. Of these 118,106 were in the North Atlantic states; 4,894 in the South Atlantic; 21,837 in the North Central; in the South Central 12,314, and in the Western 24,914. There is a general impression that these Italians, most of them men, come here to work very hard for a few years and then to go back to live in easy idleness on their savings. There may be something in this, for they do go back and forth a great deal. For instance, in 1897, there were 59,431 Italian arrivals, and of these 10,913 had been in the United States before. It may be depended upon that most of those thus returning come to stay permanently. In the nine years since the census was taken 554,072 Italians have come into this country as immigrants and re-immigrants. If half of these who were here in 1890 have gone back, and one-fourth of those who have since arrived have also returned, then the Italian population may be set down as 511,844. This, however, is mere guesswork, and has no statistical value. But from what I am told by the officials of the Bureau of Immigration, I fancy that the guess is pretty ac-

*Geographically the states of the United States are now grouped into five divisions as follows:

North Atlantic—Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania.

South Atlantic—Delaware, Maryland, District of Columbia, Virginia, West Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida.

North Central—Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri, North Dakota, South Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas.

South Central—Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas, Oklahoma, Arkansas.

Western—Montana, Wyoming, Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, Utah, Nevada, Idaho, Washington, Oregon, California.

curate, and that the Italian population in America is not far on either side from half a million. They do not bring as many women as other immigrants, so it is only natural for those who mean to make permanent homes to go back for their sweethearts and their families. Of the 78,740 Italians who came last year only 23,400 were females. They are more illiterate than any other immigrants that we have, as only about half of them can read. The Russians (Hebrews) crowd the Italians pretty close in this regard, as forty-one per cent. of them are illiterate. These Hebrews, however, set about learning to read very quickly when they are still young enough, while comparatively few of their children are suffered to grow up without going to school.

The Italians, as I have said before, are the public works laborers of the time. They work diligently with the pick and shovel, and the Irish bosses make them perform prodigious tasks with these implements which the Irish have in great measure discarded. Probably eighty per cent. of the Italian immigrants are unskilled laborers. But they take to other things very kindly. They have actually driven the negroes out of the boot-blackening field, and even the Irish porters now at the best hotels no longer have a monopoly of polishing the boots of the guests. They are an amiable people, and very apt to be law-abiding. They are hot-tempered, it is true, or rather quick-tempered. Their fights, however, are generally among themselves, and in nearly nine cases out of ten these are the result of jealousy. It may be that when there are women enough to go round they will leave off using the stiletto entirely. In New York, at least, they are no longer extensively in the fruit business, which they once almost monopolized. The itinerants who now polish apples and carry them about in carts are nearly all Greeks. At any rate, the Italians are now doing very useful work in America, work that it would be difficult to find others to do unless we opened the doors to the Chinese.

The Chinese, when the last census was made, numbered 106,688. Of these 95,477 were in the Western division, most of them on the Pacific Coast. This total, owing to the enforcement of the exclusion laws, probably has not increased. There have been arrivals, but the deaths and departures must be very nearly an offset. Last year 1,660 came, the year before 2,071, and in 1897 there were 3,363. We read many sensational stories of the great hordes of Chinese who

are landed in Canada and run across the border in defiance of law. There seems to be not much truth in these stories, but the next census will probably inform us. Until then we have no means of knowing.

New York State has more foreigners than any other, and also more of foreign parentage. Of a total population of 5,997,853, the foreigners are 1,571,050, and those of foreign parents 1,837,453. North Carolina is poorest in foreigners. Of a total population of 1,617,947 there are only 3,702 foreigners, and 7,237 of foreign parents. North Carolina is, however, rich in negroes, for there are 562,565 blacks in this state. This fact emphasizes the historical truth that the great Civil War was not precipitated by any desire to abolish slavery in the South, but merely to confine it there, so that in the new territories in the West white labor would not have to compete with slave or negro labor. It was an industrial question, and only became one of sentiment when the liberation of the slaves got to be a military and political policy. The slaves have been free for a third of a century, but we see by the immigration figures that even the white foreigners who have come to this country since the emancipation and enfranchisement of the negroes have not gone in great numbers to the sections where they would have to compete in labor with the blacks. In the South Atlantic states, and the South Central states—all slave states in the old days—the per centage of foreigners is only two and one-half and two and nine-tenths per cent. respectively. In the North Atlantic it is twenty-two per cent.; in the North Central it is eighteen per cent., and in the Western twenty-five per cent.

The foreigners cling to the great cities, though in none of them do they outnumber the natives. In New York, however, and some other of the larger cities, the foreigners and those of foreign parents unquestionably outnumber those of American parents of two generations' standing. Here is a table of natives and foreigners in some of the cities in 1890:

| City. | Native. | Foreign. |
|--------------------|---------|----------|
| New York..... | 875,358 | 639,943 |
| Chicago..... | 649,184 | 450,666 |
| Philadelphia..... | 777,484 | 269,480 |
| Brooklyn..... | 544,643 | 261,700 |
| St. Louis..... | 336,894 | 114,876 |
| Boston..... | 290,305 | 158,172 |
| Baltimore..... | 365,436 | 69,003 |
| San Francisco..... | 172,176 | 126,812 |
| Cincinnati..... | 225,500 | 71,408 |

This shows that of the cities of the first class, Philadelphia is the most American, while New York and Chicago run a race with each other as to which is the most foreign.

Our first census was taken in 1800, and then we had only 44,000 foreigners. The growth of foreigners from that time till now, compared with native white and native colored, is shown in this table:

| Year. | Native White. | Colored. | Foreigners. | Total. |
|-----------|---------------|-----------|-------------|------------|
| 1800..... | 4,262,000 | 1,002,000 | 44,000 | 5,308,000 |
| 1810..... | 5,770,000 | 1,377,000 | 93,000 | 7,240,000 |
| 1820..... | 7,084,000 | 1,772,000 | 177,000 | 9,633,000 |
| 1830..... | 10,178,000 | 2,328,000 | 360,000 | 12,866,000 |
| 1840..... | 13,336,000 | 2,874,000 | 859,000 | 17,069,000 |
| 1850..... | 17,308,000 | 3,639,000 | 2,245,000 | 23,192,000 |
| 1860..... | 22,801,000 | 4,486,000 | 4,139,000 | 31,426,000 |
| 1870..... | 28,085,000 | 4,906,000 | 5,567,000 | 38,558,000 |
| 1880..... | 36,829,000 | 6,647,000 | 6,680,000 | 50,156,000 |
| 1890..... | 53,372,703 | 7,638,360 | 9,249,547 | 62,622,250 |

Until recently the immigration has steadily increased. Here is a table showing the immigration per annum for stated periods:

| | |
|----------------|---------|
| 1654-1701..... | 2,800 |
| 1702-1800..... | 4,950 |
| 1801-1820..... | 8,900 |
| 1821-1850..... | 86,000 |
| 1851-1880..... | 267,000 |
| 1881-1890..... | 540,000 |

But it is decreasing now.

| | |
|-----------|---------|
| 1894..... | 285,631 |
| 1895..... | 258,536 |
| 1896..... | 343,267 |
| 1897..... | 230,832 |
| 1898..... | 229,299 |
| 1899..... | 311,715 |

For the ten years preceding 1894 the av-

erage per annum had been 472,063. Since 1892 we have never come up to this average and unless the present immigration laws be repealed or amended, or unless they are not enforced, it is not likely that we will soon have so high an average. Depression abroad and prosperity here may combine to stimulate immigration greatly. The statisticians say that in thirty years thirty-five per cent.

of the foreigners who come here either die or leave the country. They also estimate that the total of 62,622,500 people in the United States has increased to 76,000,000 in the nine years since the census was taken in 1890. Now, here is an interesting problem for those who like to see what figures will do. Of that total of 76,000,000, how many are native white, how many colored, how many are foreigners, and how many of foreign parents? There is data enough in this article to work on if he who tries be good also at guessing. This problem is not recommended for schools, but as a kind of post-graduate exercise in arithmetic, and as a practical illustration of that well-known axiom that figures will not lie.



THE INCORPORATED BASS. BY OPIE READ.



A PARTY of us were up the St. Joseph River, in Michigan, looking for summer amusement. Nowhere is there a more charming river, full of green elbows, graceful ox-bow bends, dancing currents and looking-glass pools. With us was a poet named Hatch, a South Water street egg merchant named Venus, and a number of others of less importance.

As a general thing, there is nothing to do at a summer place except to loll and grumble over the time dragging between the ringing of the first and second bells, announcing meal time, and it might have been the case in this instance but for a discovery. At the edge of a wood, where the river bent like the neck of a blooded horse, was a pool as clear as a dew-drop caught at morning by the spider's web; and in this pool was a small-mouth black bass. He was the king of the pool. No other fish dared cross the ridge of golden sand or glide through the drift-wood that hemmed it in. The sucker and the red-horse, the sunfish and the shiner peeped in at the king, but at a motion of his tail, backed off from his boundary line. The man who kept the resort said that he had known that fish for years. Expert fishermen from many parts of the country had striven in vain to catch him. He had a contempt for all sorts of bait, frogs, night-crawlers, flies—everything. Of course, it became the ambition of us all to catch this bass. Every sort of tackle was sent for. A letter, bearing a special delivery stamp, was forwarded to the editor of a great sportsman's magazine, asking advice. The answer came, and the advice was followed, but the bass remained in the pool. There were six fishermen, and a certain day of the week was set aside for each man. Sunday was allowed the bass for his own amusement.

The news spread abroad and several reporters were sent to the scene. One ingenious fellow, a board of trade man named Hillit, suggested that we ought to organize a company and incorporate the fish. Each

man was to pay so much, and the money was to be expended in experimental appliances, new hooks and odd sorts of bait. The company was organized under favorable auspices, and the work proceeded, with but little change of prospects. The king of the pool always appeared at sunrise, fresh from his toilet beneath the drift. No gold fish could have rivaled his splendor as he caught the first rays of the sun on his greenish sides. He knew his power, and he flashed the light in our eyes. Sometimes he would encourage us, particularly when a new bait was brought forward for experiment. Then he would rush, a green streak, as if he were going to snap the bait, but would stop, touch it with his nose and back off, with a sly glance at us. One day a fellow came along with a net and swore that he would have the bass. Our president stepped forward.

"What are you going to do?" he asked as the fellow began to take the net out of his boat.

"I am going to catch that fish. I tried for him all last summer, and he wouldn't bite, and now I don't care whether he bites or not, I am going to have him. A man can't stand everything. I gave him every possible inducement, and he would not bite, so now I'm going to have him."

"My friend," said the president, and his voice was resolute, "you must not catch that fish with a net. It is against the law."

"I don't give a snap for the law. It's against the law, too, for him to act as he does. Any decent and sober-minded fish would have been caught long ago."

"But wait a moment. I must tell you that this fish is incorporated."

"I don't care if he's a whole trust with

watered stock, he can't harass me any longer."

He was a burly-looking fellow, and we let him have his way. So he stretched his net across the pool and then went round to drive the bass. The king of the pool was gently swaying to and fro, taking his morning exercise. The burly fellow paddled closer and closer. Suddenly the bass shot up into the air, flew over the net and quietly swayed himself on the other side. The fellow came around to drive him back, and the fish jumped again. It was like playing tennis. We laughed at the fellow, and he snorted for a time, but finally offered to join our corporation. And a vote was actually taken, so greedy are corporations, but he was rejected.

It was just about this time that a handsome young woman made her appearance. With her uncle, she had fished in many waters, and had caught a tarpon weighing one hundred and fifteen pounds. She said that the king of the pool belonged to her. Hatch, the poet, whispered that the queen of the wood ought to possess the king of the pool. The egg merchant sniffed. He said that he didn't see any relationship between wood and pool, and a growling between the two followed, but the rest of us paid no attention, so interested were we in the young woman's pretty angling. Hatch swore that

the bass looked at her and smiled. And I know myself that he opened his mouth, but I am not prepared to say that it was a smile. I don't call it a smile every time a thing opens its mouth, for if that were the case, an alligator would be a most agreeable creature. She tried a gilded butterfly, and the bass made a rush for it, seized it, and we shouted. But that was all. He took it to please her, and threw it out instantly to please himself. He was the smartest fish I ever saw. The egg man, accustomed to enumeration, declared that this fish actually counted us, and appeared disappointed if we were not all there.

The young woman was Miss Clara Crutcher. There is no such thing as describing beauty in woman. You can give an idea of a certain type, but types grow stale. This woman did not belong to a type. Hatch referred to her as the leopard. And I think that he meant it in compliment. She wasn't spotted, so far as we knew, but she was slightly freckled, just two or three that made her complexion all the purer. Once when she broke out in laughter, the egg man, standing not far away, looked up and said: "Ah, the second bell!"

That was a compliment, for meal time was sweet to him.

"I declare," she said one evening, after vainly trying to catch the king of the pool,



"Suddenly the bass shot up into the air, flew over the net and quietly swayed himself on the other side."

"that fish worries me. I would give almost anything for him."

Hereupon Sid Bates, the architect, replied: "That is rather a sweeping statement. What do you mean by almost anything?"

"Oh, I don't mean my life, of course."

"Well, how far short of your life do you mean?"

She looked at him strangely. "Before I answer your question I'll tell you what I believe: I believe that a man who has the shrewdness to catch that fish can make a success of this life."

"Well, what does that imply?"

"That I will give my hand to the man who catches him."

A laugh arose. Her uncle, a meek man looking through gold rims, shook his head.

"Clara, mind what you are saying," he interposed. "Gentlemen, I wish to inform you that she is the strangest creature on the earth. Out in California she made a foolish bet with a man, lost it, and it was all I could do to keep her from marrying him as a result."

The young woman raised a protesting eyebrow. "Uncle, you must not publish family secrets."

There was rebuke in her voice, and the old man bowed under it, but his resentment arose again like a red bobber in a blue pool.

"But I don't know why a family should have such secrets. And now you are absurd enough to declare that you will give your hand to the man who catches that ridiculous fish. Why I can get as good a one any-

where in the market for fifty cents. It's nonsense."

Hereupon she laughed. "My uncle is very practical," she said. "I actually believe that he would shoot a fox."

"Shoot a fox!" he exclaimed in astonishment. "Well I should say I would—or catch him in a trap either. But let us drop the subject."

"Not till we have settled the fact that

my hand goes to the man who catches the fish."

"But suppose he should not want it?" said the uncle.

The men shouted out at this absurdity, and the young woman smiled upon them.

"Ridiculous!" cried Bates.

"Infamous," swore the poet.

"But suppose the catcher should be a married man," the uncle went on.

"In that case," the cool young woman replied, "I should wait five years to see if anything happened to change his condition, and if nothing happened, I should declare myself free again."

"Gentlemen,"

said the uncle, "her mother was peculiar and her father was a crank. So what can we expect."

"I expect to catch that fish," said Hatch. "I shall bait my hook with love."

"But you are not fishing for a sucker," Bates spoke up.

"Sir!" Hatch retorted, "you would blur the beautiful."

"No," Bates rejoined, bowing to the young woman, "I would win the beautiful."



"Hatch swore that the bass looked at her and smiled."

Some one began to blow a tune out of the melodeon, and the company broke up, but the subject was resumed the next morning. It was clear that Clara was in earnest, and it was also settled that the marriageable men should have the preference. The prize was to accompany each fisherman during the whole day of endeavor, and was to aid him with such bits of her experience as might occur to her. A casting of lots gave the poet first trial, and he exulted over it as though he had not already tried to catch the fish. But now he was inspired. He and the prize got into a boat, the rest of us sat beneath the trees. Hatch baited his hook.

"What's he doing now?" some one asked.

"Breathing a sonnet on his bait," the architect answered.

Hatch cast his line. The king of the pool rushed, swirled, jumped high into the air and disappeared under the drift. It was evident that he did not like poetry.

The next day a fellow named Billings took the rod. The prize smiled upon him as she sat in the boat. Billings was not a society man, neither did he care for books. He sold literature on the road. His idea of a book was to get rid of it. But he was a fisherman and a stale joker. He said he was going to bait with the original greenback—a frog. The bass was waiting, slowly fanning himself with his tail. Billings threw out his frog. "I am going to let him stay down there and crawl round," he said. "That fellow feeds on the bottom."

"Heavens!" cried Hatch from the bank, "don't call him a fellow when upon him rests the bestowal of a prize so golden."

Bates looked at him. "Hatch, I believe you are in love."

Hatch sighed. "I would give my life for that fish," he muttered.

"And I am going to have him," Bates declared. "I want that girl. She's the finest piece of architecture I ever saw."

Billings was talking out in the boat.

"I don't think I've got the right sort of frog," said he. "There sits one on the end of a chunk. If I had him I could catch the fish. Now, miss, you sit right still and I'll get out on that log. I can reach from there."

He got on the log to reach for the greenhead. He seized him, lost his balance and fell headlong into the pool. But he kept his hold on the frog, and when he floundered back to the boat, he discovered that the thing was already attached to a hook—his own. His bait had climbed up to rest.

A young doctor named Mayhew sent to

town and got some sort of drug to put on the hook. The others cried that it was unfair. They left it to the decision of the prize. She said that unfortunately no stipulation had been made against the use of drugs. So the doctor was given his trial. The king of the pool rushed up to the hook, sniffed it, sneezed, Bates declared, and backed off to a quiet corner to take a nap.

Not far away lived an old woman who was accredited with the gift of fortune-telling. And the night before Bates was to enter the lists, he called on her. I went with him. He told her of the fish, and acknowledged that he was in love with the young woman. The fortune-teller went off into a sort of trance, and, coming out of it, she said that her powers were limited, which we could not help but believe. She had predicted things, bad weather, an outbreak of measles and the drying up of cows, but she could not with certainty pass upon this case. It was new to her; the peculiarity of the young woman was beyond her. Suddenly she looked up with a smile.

"I have heard my father say that a bass likes strange bait," she said. "And I believe that if you could get something that he never saw before you could catch him."

"That would be pretty hard to do," Bates remarked, shaking his head. "When it comes to insects, that fellow is a naturalist, and I don't believe that a French cook could concoct a dish to suit him. If he would only agree to touch my hook I could rig up some sort of electric battery to shock him."

"Well, that's the only advice I have to offer," said the old woman. "Find some sort of bait that he never saw before."

We took our leave, and Bates was dejected as we strode through the moonlight. The air was such as whispers dreams to sighing love. The moon hung bright sonnets on the dark leaves. Among the vines the dew tossed her engagement rings.

"If it were not for that infernal fish, I believe I could win her," said Bates. "I would bait with a piece of my heart, but the scoundrel has looked from his pool clean through my breast."

The resorters were sitting in the yard. The prize sat upon a rustic bench, and Hatch bent over her.

"It is easier to reel off verses than to reel in a fish," she said.

"Ah," he sighed, "would that my lines had fallen in more successful places."

"Here, Hatch," Bates called, "no love-making. You are out of it, you know."



"The boat capsized. Down into the water went the fisherman and the prize."

"Not if nobody catches the fish. I don't suppose that Miss Crutcher is going to remain single all her life on account of a black bass."

"You must remember that it is a small-mouth bass," Billings remarked.

"I don't give a snap for his mouth or for him, either," Hatch began, but was cut off by an "oh" from the young woman. "I mean except so far as you are concerned," he added.

"I have sent for a Mauser rifle," said the uncle. "I am going to shoot that fish. I'll show him that his bulwark of water won't stand that gun. This foolishness has gone far enough. Clara, we leave to-morrow."

"Not by a blamed sight," Bates bawled. "I haven't had my inning yet."

"You shall have it," Clara assured him, and in the moonlight I saw a hope on his face.

We went down to the river about seven o'clock the next morning. As Bates was getting into the boat, I asked him if he had found a new sort of attraction for the fish. He sighed and answered that he had only an ordinary fly. I could not congratulate him. I knew that he had no chance.

The day was fine, with a shingling of clouds near the sun.

"The fish has thrown a reflection of his scales upon the sky," said the poet.

"Looks more like feathers," replied the egg-man.

We were walking along the shore, keeping pace with the boat.

Miss Crutcher was beautiful in a scarlet cap. Bates pulled slowly as if he felt that he was rowing to meet a disappointment.

We reached the silvery elbow, and there we halted beneath the trees. And there was the king of the pool.

Bates made several casts, but the fish paid no attention. Presently we heard the young woman cry out:

"Why, what are you doing? Mercy, don't put that on your hook. It is my chameleon."

But he had it—he turned his back upon her and made a cast; and then the pool was in a ferment.

"He's hooked him!" the poet cried.

And so he had. The fight was desperate, the boat capsized. Down into the water went the fisherman and the prize. The uncle yelled, we capered about, shouting to Bates to save the girl, but he paid no attention to her—he was playing the fish. The poet leaped in and led her ashore. And presently Bates came out with the bass. He dropped upon his knees and presented it to her.

"Throw it in his face," the uncle yelled.

"Don't look at him," the poet pleaded. "He thought more of the fish than he did of you. He would have let you drown. It was cowardly."

She held out her hand and Bates seized it.

"You have illustrated the character that I admire," she said. "You center your mind upon one thing at a time."

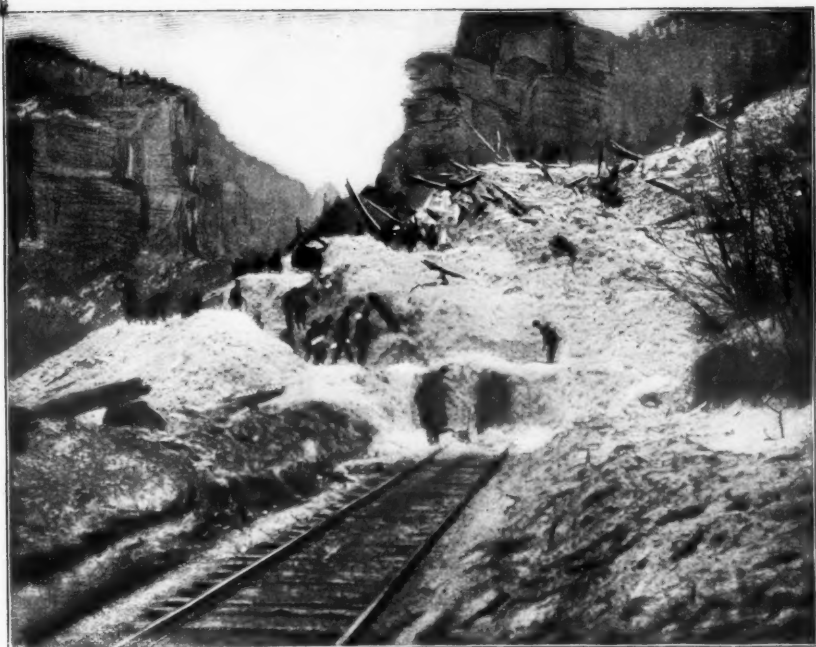
When the moon had come up again I saw the prize and the winner walking slowly through the orchard. They passed near me.

"The fish pulled at my heart, and I knew nothing else," he said.

"You ought to have known something else from the first," she replied, "you ought to have known that I loved you."



"When the moon had come up again I saw the prize and the winner walking slowly through the orchard."



A Snow-slide on the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad. Three Hundred Feet Long; Sixty Feet Deep.

STORMS OF THE ROCKIES

By THOMAS C. KNOWLES

TRAVEL half way across the continent to witness a storm? Who would? Yet who that has seen the breaking ocean spray send its white leaves whirling in the air at Cape May, or watched the tempest-ridden billows dashing against the rocky shore of Maine, can fail to imagine what a wonderful scene there must be when the clouds dip down to the mountains as the earth dips into the sea, and the winds and the snow and the hail and the torrential rains beat around the lofty peaks and the stubborn ranges as the waters beat about the precipitous shores of the ocean? Invert the picture of a hurricane at sea, put the earth beneath and the stormy elements above, and you have the Rocky Mountains when Boreas is at large and nature in a passion.

Few travelers go abroad to risk themselves in the uproar of the Swiss lakes when squalls and tempests throw the waters

into a rage. Few care to be in the Alps or in the Pyrenees when thunders clap and snows swirl in blinding fury, when the cataclysms of the lofty mountains engulf even the hardiest and most skilled of mountaineers. Yet nothing remains so majestic in the memory, so inspiring and so fearful as the experience of a Swiss storm. So it is in the Rocky Mountains. Seldom the wayfarer meets them. Seldom they impede his progress through the wonderful landscape, but when they startle him from his slumbers at night, or amaze him at day, the encounter becomes one of the unforgettable things of years—one of the things worth traveling far to see.

Boomers, promoters, railroad advertisers, have neglected to speak of these extraordinary phenomena lest they injure the popularity of the mountains by frightening away timid tourists and intending settlers. But

the apprehension is a misguided one. Prosaic and dull indeed would be the crest of the continent if all the days were blessed with sun and all the deep vales perpetually in shadowed verdure. The mind would find the towering heights monotonous, the walls gray or brown, and bleak, did not the sky they almost touch sometimes be neighborly, sinking low and enfolding even the lower levels within its mists, make the rough fields its playground. The clear, bounding streams, which wind their mumbling way through the deep gorges, would seem an anomaly did they not sometimes fill with the boiling waters of the cloudburst, and in their wild leaping down the canyons show how such enormous canyons have been dug. Indeed, the storm fits the mountains as the law of imagination fits the human mind, and it is rather an exaltation than a detraction of the country that great storms can be seen and their electric glory be felt.

For the world west of the Mississippi the Rocky Mountains are the points of origin not only of the rivers and water-flows, but of the condensing of the moisture of the air, the banked snows, the subterranean currents which form the basis of the entire watershed. Their cold altitudes seem to shed the waves of air which conflict with the warmer waves in the plains below, and in their battles generate the cyclones and the lesser windy terrors which devastate the Western plains. They are the beginning of the heart-breaking blizzards which tie up the traffic of the metropolitan streets, or chill beyond endurance the homes of the poor. They are, in a word, the atmospheric top of the continent, and one would expect to find among them the same excesses of nature that are seen on a smaller scale when the wind whips the flags of the roofs of lofty buildings, or when dark clouds lower over the Jersey hills or the gentle mountains of the Cumberland.

Yet, though the Rocky Mountains are the beginning of such awful things as cyclones and blizzards, they are singularly immune from the terrible effects of these phenomena when they reach their full growth on the plains below. The storms are sharp, strong and typical. They are dramatic. But, lacking in the chance of a long run across the plains, where force is constantly accumulated with each successive mile of progress, their life is usually of short duration, and their immediate sphere of action small. They are as if all the phenomena, the storm from its genesis to its conclusion, were given in miniature. In this respect, the storms of the

Rockies differ from those of the Swiss Alps. The latter are severe, protracted, and full of catastrophe. The former complete themselves briefly, and then let the balance of the continent wrestle with what they have given forth.

Probably nowhere is storm and climate so varied. All phases of nature's cataclysms alternate with all phases of nature's peace and pleasure. The entire gamut from sunshine to black gloom frequently is run within a single day or an hour. A morning will open clear, with the sun warm. Perhaps at noon the clouds will gather and a heavy rain begin. In a few minutes this will turn to sleet and then to hail. Fifteen minutes after the storm begins, it will be snowing heavily, and an hour from the time the first cloud appeared the sun will be shining again. The whole shower, rain, hail and snow will have been accompanied by thunder and lightning.

Two wayfarers were recently driving through the mountains in the South Park of Colorado, when just at nightfall a terrific storm came up. It lasted only about fifteen minutes, but during that time the thunder and lightning were continuous. After it was over a dozen tree stumps were seen blazing like beacons on a neighboring hill.

A traveler and a companion, driving a couple of burros, that carried a camping outfit, were toiling up a long trail in La Plata Mountains. It was late in the afternoon, and the stream on whose banks they had planned to make the night's camp was fully six miles away. The storm clouds came up quickly, and warning peals of thunder caused a hastening for sheltering trees about a mile distant. In a few minutes the rain was coming down in torrents. The adobe soil refused to absorb the downpour, and before half the distance to shelter could be made the trail was ankle deep in the running waters. The clay accumulated on the boots of the men and the hoofs of the donkeys, so that progress was slow and tiresome. Several times the patient beasts of burden refused to go further, and had to be rested before they would proceed. It was nearly an hour before shelter was reached, and during that time the drenching rain continued unabated. The lightning was incessant. Several trees were heard to fall in a distant grove, and others were set ablazing by Jove's fire. The thunder of that storm had a peculiar musical note, as if produced by some huge musical instrument. This was probably due either to the vibration of the trees on the surrounding hills or to the echo thrown

back by the timber. The effect was solemn and impressive. But within two hours the disturbance entirely subsided, and an evening, clear and beautiful, closed round the travelers.

Occasionally a thunder shower will occur in the mountain valleys surrounded by high peaks and roll up and down the basin for some time. The first mutterings will be heard, and then, advancing like the ocean's tide, the storm will cross the valley, emitting one or two resounding peals of thunder and flashes of lightning when directly overhead. Seeming to hang there for a moment, it recedes to the confines of the little valley. There thrown back by the mountain tops it recrosses the valley. In such cases, the storm-cloud sometimes advances and retreats several times before its energy is exhausted. The observer can easily see afar the rain of such a storm. It approaches like a bright curtain with the sun's rays playing on it. Sometimes the cloud is stopped and driven back by a counter-current of air, and after the storm can be found a distinct line of demarcation between the wet and the dry ground. In the mountain towns stories are often told of how it rains on one side of the street and not on the other. Such a phenomenon recently took place in Denver. On one side of the street there was a heavy shower, while on the other bicyclists rode their wheels in the sunshine.

Perhaps the most peculiar of the mountain phenomena are the so-called electrical storms. There is no precipitation, no lightning, no thunder, and usually no wind. Nothing to be heard and nothing to be seen except the gathering clouds. But much may be felt. Everything is charged with the

electric fluid; the earth, the air, the very stones and trees, and even human beings are full of it.

A mining engineer visiting a tunnel located on a mountain-side at an elevation of 13,200 feet, describes his sensations during one of these storms. All alone he was climbing up the trail to the tunnel, where he wished to examine a vein of ore. Great black clouds began to gather on the horizon, and were soon rolling about the mountain side below him. A calm prevailed, then an unnatural stillness seemed to be in the air. Steadily the clouds rolled up the mountain side like a flood of black water. The stones, as he stepped on them, began to crackle and snap, like dry wood in a fire. Realizing these unusual conditions, he hurried to the sheltering tunnel above him. His hair felt as if a swarm of flies had settled in it. When he tried to brush them away with his hand, he found each hair standing almost straight. The stroking of his hair increased the peculiar sensations he experienced, and, tingling from head to foot, the now thoroughly frightened man ran into the tunnel.

No sooner had he passed the entrance than the peculiar sensations ceased. After resting awhile, he went to the opening and discovered himself entirely surrounded by clouds so black and dense that he could scarcely see five feet away, although the hour was not far from noon. Stepping outside to investigate, he received a shock that sent him reeling back into the tunnel, where he remained for over an hour before the storm passed.

Such electrical storms seem to be formed in strata. If a human being should make such connection as to draw the charge from one of the layers, he would in-



Clearing the Way Through a Snow-slide in Ten Mile Canyon.

stantly be incinerated. This accident, however, has never been known to occur. Electrical storms prevail throughout the mountain region, but the severest storms of this nature are met only at the great altitudes.

With all the severity of electrical storms and thunder showers, it is a fact that human beings are seldom struck by lightning in the mountains. Death from that cause is much more frequent on the plains bordering the ranges than in the mountains themselves.

High peaks seem to be the smithies where Vulcan forges his weapons. Almost all the summer storms can be seen gathering around the masterful mountain of the neighborhood before it breaks on the lower ranges.

so that it could be seen over a radius of a hundred miles. The experiment was a partial failure, for as night fell, heavy clouds gathered, and for a long time nature bombarded the mountain. The store of rockets stood within range of the play of lightning, and might at any time have been exploded, sending both the pyrotechnics and the helpless men to the sky which then was nearer to them than it might ever be again. Fortunately, the hours of agony passed safely and the fireworks were touched off finally in a driving rain and sleet.

To the residents of the Atlantic states, and even to many who live in the lowlands bordering the mountains, the very word moun-



After a Slide, Showing Trees and Roots Across the Railroad Track.

This is especially true of Pike's Peak, which was called by the Indians, "The Mother of Storms." Often lightning can be seen playing about these peaks, and the distant thunder heard for hours, while the valleys below enjoy the sunshine.

Many stories are told about the wonderful thunder storms and electric displays on Pike's Peak, most of which are undoubtedly true, although some are exaggerated. Last Fourth of July some men, who had gone up to the summit of Pike's Peak to illuminate it in honor of the nation's birthday, had an exciting time. They had taken with them some hundreds of pounds of red fire and other fireworks, intending to keep them burning for an hour, illuminating the peak

tain is synonymous with constantly recurring snow storms. In the mountainous region as a whole the snowfall is not greatly in excess of that of northern New England, but amid the greatest elevations the snow falls in quantities that astound and continues for many days. The most prodigious fall of snow in the mountains recorded of late occurred at Ruby, a coal camp in Gunnison County, Colorado, during the winter of three years ago. In one month's time 239 inches fell, and during that winter 780.5 inches, or sixty-five feet, were precipitated. This latter amount means 93.21 inches of water.

The heavy fall of snow in the high mountains, especially those storms which last for days at a time, makes railroading a diffi-

cult art in the winter. Still, it is the exception when any of the mountain roads are blockaded for more than a few hours at a time. Long blockades, which are not frequent, are due to the wind, that blowing down from the lofty peaks whirls the snow into the cuts as fast as human contrivance can take it out. With no wind, or only a slight one, the rotary plows can keep the roads open throughout the winter almost without a break. In some places in the mountains and will become mixed with the snow, and this mixture, when blown into the railroad cuts, will pack down in such shape that the rotary cannot work. It is then removed only with great effort by an army of men wielding picks and shovels. The blockades on the mountain railroads the casual reader from other than the mountain region imagines to be caused by a stupendous fall of snow. In truth, the wind is the real enemy of railroading on the continental divide, and if there were only the snow to contend with, the world would hear little of blockades in the Rockies.

Sometimes the wind plays peculiar pranks in the canyons, as it whirls down from the snow-capped summits, blowing in a dozen different directions at once. It is even recorded that locomotives have been lifted from the tracks by these tiny whirlwinds. This, however, is due to a combination of circumstances, the curving track and the precipitous walls of the canyon contributing more than the actual force of the wind. While the wind blows almost continuously on the mountain summits, it seldom reaches the dignity of a gale. In the little valleys nestling everywhere throughout the mountain region, the motion of the air is modified by the configuration of the surrounding mountains, and is never destructive till it sweeps out of the embrace of the everlasting Rockies to the plains beyond.

Where there is so much snow, snow slides

are to be expected. No such destructive avalanches are known in the Rockies, however, as are reported in the Alps, where whole villages, with their population, are swept away. Sometimes a miner's cabin or a mine building in an exposed place is carried away, but the loss of life generally is

small. The railroads sometimes suffer from slides, but the damage is quickly repaired. A recent snow-slide in the canyon of the Eagle River, in Colorado, was three hundred feet long and sixty feet deep. The railroad company cut a tunnel



A Locomotive Derailed by the Ice Forming a Perfect Switch.
When the locomotive was put back on the track it was found to be injured.

through it and ran cars through this icy grotto for days before the snow and debris could be removed. Occasionally a snow-slide overtakes a train of burros loaded with ore on some exposed part of a mountain trail, sweeping the pack animals and their driver over the cliff. Their frozen bodies are found the following spring. Snow and ice sometimes work peculiar accidents. Last winter a locomotive was derailed by the ice forming a perfect switch from the track. The engine plunged into a snow drift beside the road, and when put back on the track was found to be wholly uninjured.

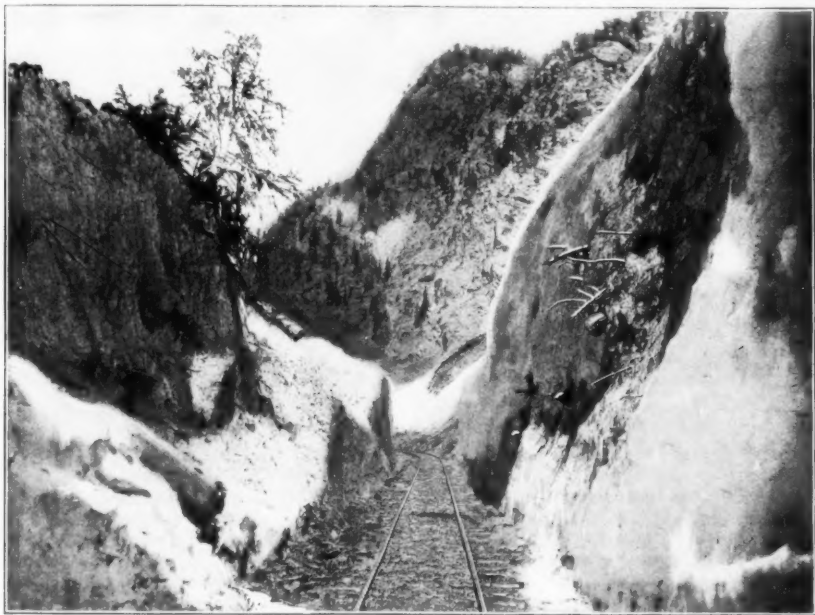
The most destructive form of mountain storm is the so-called cloudburst, when the rippling brook suddenly becomes a roaring river, carrying death and destruction in its path. The noise made by a cloudburst has no parallel. Above the rumble and roar of a mass of rushing water is heard a grinding, groaning sound of falling trees, of slipping earth and rolling boulders, while the banks of the stream far above the danger line tremble as if in an earthquake. The senses are numbed by the awful cataclysm, and it seems to the spectator, although he is on the high banks and out of actual danger, as if the very foundations of the earth had burst and Judgment Day was come. The flood tosses about mighty trees and rocks as if they were straws, the banks of the stream

seem to dissolve before his eyes, and a feeling of awe at the irresistible power of nature steals over the observer. Once witnessed, a cloudburst is never forgotten.

In point of fact, however, there is no such thing as the bursting of a cloud. The term "cloudburst" is a convenient expression by which the result of a very heavy rain is designated. Nearly all the surface of the earth in the mountain region is made up either of rocks or of adobe soil. The latter, in most cases, has never been broken to cultivation, and is almost impervious to a sudden heavy downpour of rain. The consequence is that the mountains are cut up with arroyos, gullies and water courses, and in the course of unnumbered ages into mighty canyons which astound the tourist. In an unusually heavy rainfall, the great mass of water spread over a large area, instead of

itation in an open country, or in one in which the soil has been broken up by cultivation, would be called a heavy rainfall, and would do no damage unless continued long enough for the streams to rise out of their banks and flood the country.

One of the most destructive storms of this nature, so far as its manifold consequences are concerned, took place in the spring of 1864, when a cloudburst occurred at the headwaters of Cherry Creek. This is a small stream, dry most of the year, but notorious for its eccentricities. It flows through Denver and empties into the Platte River, within the confines of the city. Just at nightfall the water swept down this dry creek in a wall said to have been ten feet in height, carrying everything before it. Many people were drowned, and many buildings were washed away. All night long the creek



A Slide Thirty to Forty Feet in Height. On the Left, a Pine Tree, Stuck in the Snow in Much the Same Position it Grew in on the Mountain.

sinking into the ground, is quickly accumulated in the beds of the streams, which rise many feet in a short time. When this accumulation is rapid enough, and the "lay of the land" is just right, the water rushes down the bed of the stream in a solid wall, and is called a cloudburst. The same precip-

itated bankful of water that was thick with wreckage. People were rescued during the night on rafts and improvised boats. The most serious loss was the City Hall, which was swept away by the water, together with all the records on file there. These records included not only those of the state and city,

but also the United States land filings. The flood was followed by an era of land-jumping, and a good many of the present fortunes in Denver date from that event. The safe of the City Hall was never found, although some relics of the flood, including a portion of the press of the *Rocky Mountain News*, are now in the rooms of the State Historical Society.

About twenty years later another cloudburst in Cherry Creek did considerable damage, washing out bridges in the city and undermining buildings. The City Hall was again threatened, but withstood the flood, although the receding waters left it tottering on its foundations. Since that time irrigating canals and ditches have taken all the water

from the end of the broken bridge. The next day the stream had disappeared, and search was made for the locomotive. A body of quicksand was discovered nearby, and it is supposed that the engine was engulfed, for no trace of it was ever found.

Cloudbursts are sometimes very destructive of life as well as of property. They come up so suddenly that it is almost impossible to escape if the wayfarer is caught in the bed of the creek. Campers in the mountain regions usually select the high ground above the creek rather than pitch their tents close beside the gently rippling water which may become a roaring torrent while they sleep, sweeping them to destruction before they know that danger is near. It was from



Rotary Snow Plow Breaking the Blockade of 1899.

from the stream near its source, and when cloudbursts happen now the water is spread over a wide area, and only a small portion of it reaches Denver.

Cloudbursts are frequently the cause of washouts on the railroads. The sudden flood of water rushes down from higher ground, and seeking the lowest point, forms new gullies, taking out the roadbed in the process; or, pouring down the water courses already formed, it sweeps away the little bridges and culverts. A curious accident occurred from one of these washouts in Kiowa County, Colorado, a number of years ago. A cloudburst in the night had carried away a small bridge over what was usually a dry stream. In the darkness an engine plunged into the water

neglect of this precaution that many lives were lost in a cloudburst near Morrison, Colorado, in the spring of 1897. Some people were camping along the borders of the stream, and, as it was just after dark, and had been raining heavily, they had sought the shelter of their tents. Suddenly they heard the awful and peculiar roar of the approaching cloudburst. It grew louder every second. Realizing what had happened, the unfortunate campers—men, women and children—rushed from their tents and tried to reach the higher ground. In the confusion and darkness, some turned the wrong way, and were soon struggling in mad torrents, battling with tree trunks and wrecks of cabins and immense masses of moving stone

in the bosom of the flood. Thirteen lives went out in that dire night. The bodies found later showed the marks of buffeting with the debris in the flood of waters, and it is believed that few, if any, of the unfortunates lost their lives by actual drowning.

Occasionally the sudden downpour of rain will be precipitated on a soft, yielding soil, and instead of taking the form of a cloudburst with a wave of water carrying everything before it, the whole surface of the ground will take on the consistency of molasses and roll slowly but irresistibly down the water courses. This happened in Chalk Canyon near Mount Princeton, in Colorado, three years ago. Chalk Cliffs are a peculiar formation at the head of the canyon, the so-called "chalk" being of a lime nature, which, after being dissolved in water, quickly hardens again like cement. A cloudburst began high up on the sides of the mountain, washed away tons of material from the cliffs, and rolled the mass slowly over the railroad tracks like the pour of lava from Vesuvius. The tracks were covered to a depth of six feet. A gang of workmen was put to work on the deposit, but it oozed in on the tracks as fast as the men shoveled it out. Finally all work was suspended, and the overflow hardened so quickly that a track was built over it. Within six hours of the breaking of the storm trains were running over the deposit. So hard did the "chalk" become that the railroad has never penetrated to the old tracks, and in the excavating that was done in relaying the tracks permanently, dynamite had to be used.

From the destructive standpoint, the hailstorms of the Rockies cannot be compared with those of other places, yet in the canyons, where the towering heights echo a thousand times the fall of each stone, or on the mountain tops, where the naked boulders resound with every impact, there is a startling individuality in these short, sharp bombardments. As the thunder storm has been called nature's artillery, the hailstorm might be called nature's quick-firing guns. A storm of any nature is a striking experience in the

Royal Gorge of the Arkansas River in Colorado, but a hailstorm there, with its deafening rattle, accompanied with thunder and lightning, is one of the grandest displays of nature in an angry mood. It was the writer's good fortune to have such an experience a few years ago, while passing through the gorge on a railway train. As the canyon was entered the sun was shining, and not a cloud was in sight. From the bright sunlight the train plunged into the gloom of shadow thrown by the cliffs hovering a thousand feet above. The river, suddenly contracted in its course by the frowning walls of granite, roared with anger as it tossed its way downward amid the obstructing rocks and boulders. The air grew chill in the mighty rock-cleft where the sunlight never penetrates. Suddenly a noise was heard above the constant plaint of the imprisoned river. Looking upward, a frowning cloud was seen between the beetling walls, and a moment later the train dashed into the midst of a clattering hailstorm. The noise of the storm was deafening. The sound of every falling stone was taken up by the echoes and thrown from rock to rock, and from cliff to cliff, till it seemed as if the whole side of the mountain must be tumbling down on the puny train. The noise of the cars and the clamor of the river were lost in this new uproar, which appalled the senses. And yet the new sound had an element of silence about it. The unusual had put out of existence the usual, which you knew, nevertheless, still existed. The river, the train, you knew still roared and rumbled, yet as you looked on them they were silent, for you heard them not, and your very intellect halted at the phenomenon. While the brain reeled with the unwonted noise, and every nerve tingled with the electricity in the air, the train rushed out of the storm as rapidly as it had entered it, and suddenly the river seemed to roar again, and the cars could be heard as they rumbled on their way. Behind could be seen the lowering clouds, while the falling hailstones were changed to a shower of diamonds in the sunlight.

STAR-BLANKET

By DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT

PRETTY-FACE had promised to behave herself once more. But this time she promised in a different way, and her husband, Star-blanket, was satisfied, which he had not always been before. Star-blanket wanted to be what his agent called "a good Indian." He wanted to have a new cooking stove, and a looking-glass. He already had cattle on loan, and was one of the best workers in the hay-fields. But it was disturbing that he should so often come back from his work to find his wife talking to Bad-young-man, who never did a stroke of work, who ranged off the reserve into Montana or Kooteney, scorning permits, and who made trouble wherever he came. Pretty-face would promise solemnly never to have a word with Bad-young-man again, but many times had she broken her promise, and Star-blanket would return to meet the rover on his pony, and hear his impudent hail as he passed him in his barbaric trappings, his hair full of brass pistol cartridges and the tin trademarks from tobacco plugs. But this last promise of Pretty-face was in something different, and Star-blanket was satisfied. So satisfied was he that he bought for her the medicine-pole-bag, which made her, without any question, the first lady on the reserve.

And Pretty-face kept her promise. It was true that Bad-young-man was away, no one knew where; but Star-blanket was infinitely satisfied to come home and find her looking after the children, or preparing his supper herself, instead of leaving it to her mother, whose cookery his soul hated. He took a great satisfaction now in the prospect of his small shanty and his larger stable, with the three tepees grouped around them, and his verdant garden patches fenced to keep out the cattle. He took a greater pleasure out of his wife's social position than she did, and viewed the medicine-pole-bag with a sort of awe. With an infantine curiosity, he wondered what were the sacred mysteries of the "Mow-to-kee" when the center pole was raised. Pretty-face allowed him to see the contents of the parfleche bag, which had cost him so many good dollars; the snake-skin head-band into which the feathers were

stuck; the little sacks of paint, red earth and grease; the shells in which the paint is mixed; the sweet grass to burn as incense during prayer-making; and the whistle to mark the rhythm for dancing.

More and more evident were the results of his toil and his obedience to his agent, and his instructor. He began to see clearly that what they had told him was truth. He could trace every dollar of the twenty-five he had paid for the medicine-pole-bag to some good stroke of work he had done in the hay-fields. He did not know it, but the agent had asked the department for lumber to build him a new house, and his chief ambitions were forming solidly in the future. Verily, the white man's ways were the best.

So his feeling was all the more intense when he returned home one evening in October and found that Bad-young-man had been there. He did not see him, but there was no need of such crude evidence. There was no visible trace in the demeanor of Pretty-face nor in the bearing of the mother-in-law. His wife had even prepared his favorite dish for supper. But another date had been written down. Bad-young-man had come back.

Star-blanket ate his meal in silence, and Pretty-face was so frightened that she went away when he began to fill his pipe with tobacco and kinikinik. But he did not really care just then what she did. He wrapped a blanket around his shirt and went out to see his paternal grandfather, who lived in one of the tepees. He had been a mighty warrior in his day, but now he was old, and could only remember the time of his prowess which had gone by. He could talk, but he could not see, and his chief delight was in smoking and sleeping in the sun. That night when he smelt the kinikinik in Star-blanket's tobacco, his tongue was loosened, and he told many a story of violent deed and desperate death. Star-blanket was convinced that the old way was a good way, and he went out in the moonlight, unhobbled one of his ponies, and rode away furiously, yelling every little while at the moon. When he came back he pulled Pretty-face out of one



"But it was disturbing that he should so often come back from his work to find his wife talking to Bad-young-man."

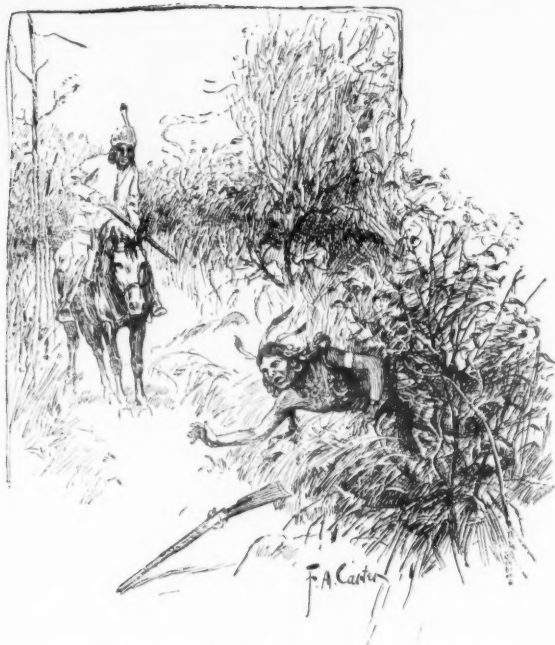
of the tepees where she was hiding. She thought he was going to kill her; but he only warned her that he would kill her and Bad-young-man if he ever heard of them being together again. Then he let her go, and went and got the medicine-pole-bag and gave it to his grandfather.

After a night's sleep he had forgotten his lapse to paganism, and again found himself wanting to be a "good" Indian. It was the end of October, and a ration day, and Star-blanket went up to the ration house himself, instead of sending one of his women. He rode his best pony, and took his rifle with him. The farther he got from home the more restless he felt, and he went down to his brother-in-law's camp and had dinner.

It was late in the afternoon when he returned to his own place. There were the fresh marks of a horse's hoofs on the trail. They began after he had passed the coulee. He knew they were made by Bad-young-man's pony. He seemed to be thinking as he rode slowly along, but suddenly he fired. He did

not himself hear the crack of his rifle. His pony stopped. Something fell out from the bushes, half way across the trail. It was Bad-young-man. The pony sniffed, then plunged and dashed by; but Star-blanket never dropped his eyes. When he reached the house, he went into the tepee to talk with his grandfather, and the women who had heard the shot rushed off to find Pretty-face.

After Star-blanket had heard what his grandfather had to say, he declared that the old way was the best, and he went out and made his "mark" to kill a white man. But he would take his time over that; no one would miss Bad-young-man for a long while. Pretty-face, remembering his warning, expected to be shot, and she kept out of sight for two days; but when he saw her he only scolded and called her the worst name he could in his own language, and nearly the worst he could in English, and because he had nothing to eat all that time except her mother's odious bannocks fried in rancid



"Something fell out from the bushes, half way across the trail."

grease. Star-blanket's settlement was some distance from the main trail to Macleod, and there was little likelihood of any one coming up to his hill; so, for a week, Bad-young-man lay as he had fallen. No one went near him. For a day and a night his pony stood by him, but, wandering away looking for grass, he was taken by one of the women and hobbled at night with the others.

Suddenly Star-blanket became restless. Watching from a small hill near his house, he saw the agent stop and look up at his place as if debating whether to visit him or not. He went on, but the next time he might come. That night it was dark, and a heavy cloud in the east threatened snow. Star-blanket deemed that this was a good time to do a little shooting, so when one of the farm-instructors, moving about his house, came between the lamp and a window, he heard the sharp crack of a rifle, and saw a flower-pot jump off the window sill. He did not believe he was hit until the doctor, tracing the bullet from the point of his hip backward, produced it from somewhere near his spine. Another inch and he would not have seen the flower-pot jump off the window sill.

Up came the cloud carrying and scattering snow, and away went Star-blanket with it.

In the morning the reserve was alive with excitement. The Northwest mounted police patrols were out scouring the country, but safely were the marks of Star-blanket's pony hidden in the obscurity of the snow. Star-blanket himself kept close to his place all day, but one of his women brought him up the news. The instructor was not even badly hurt; in a day or two he would be as well as ever. Star-blanket did not care very much; all white men were alike to him; only he made his mark to kill another, the agent this time. He would have done so had not Bad-young-man's pony broken away and gone straight to the lower camp. His appearance caused a commotion, and soon it was known everywhere that Bad-young-man's pony had come

back without Bad-young-man, and the question naturally arose—what had become of that celebrated gambler and lady-killer. Every possible and probable cause of his disappearance was canvassed, when Medicine-pipe-crane-turning declared that he had been murdered. He had no evidence to offer, but he looked the pony all over and declared that he had been murdered.

Star-blanket was uneasy when he found that Bad-young-man's pony had strayed off, and later in the morning he saw a girl of Wolf-bull's band come out of the bushes near his trail. Something in the way this girl hurried along made him know that she had found Bad-young-man. Toward evening, when the police rode up, with tramp and jangle, they found only Star-blanket's blind paternal grandfather huddled up in his teepee. Hours before Star-blanket and his whole menage, ponies, women, kids, kettles, blankets and all, had taken to the brush.

That night it was known over the whole reserve that Star-blanket had shot Bad-young-man and had tried to kill an instructor. The word went out by runners to the farthest police posts, and while the fugi-

tives were hidden in the bottom of some coulee under the stars and out of the wind, his fame had traveled from Macleod halfway around the world. No one could understand how Star-blanket, who wanted to be a "good" Indian, had done this thing. He was a mild, big fellow, with sad eyes in a face rather emaciated. But, whatever reasons he had had, he was now to be caught and punished. It was once more civilization against barbarism. Against this one Indian who had dared to follow the old tradition was arrayed all organized law. The mounted police, the Indian agent, and the bloods, the people of his own clan and totem, who had learned well the white man's treachery, were banded together to hunt him down.

Star-blanket resolved that, so far as he was able, he would make it a long and merry chase. To that end he began by discarding all the comforts of home; and one evening, about sundown, a squad of police were surprised to stumble on Star-blanket's women and the paraphernalia of his camp scurrying along the main trail. They gathered them in, but from them they could gain no clew to the whereabouts of the murderer. Now that he was free of his impediments Star-blanket began a flitting to and fro that puzzled the most cunning scouts and unsettled the most phlegmatic brave on the reserve. Knowing all the fleetest horses, he stole them by night and used each one until it was played out. In vain the scouts followed tracks in the snow. Reports came in that he had been seen, mounted on a white horse, in the Belly River bottom; but it was found to be one of Cochrane's cowboys. Three-bull's piebald racer, the fastest horse on the reserve was stolen, although his owner was watching all night, and the next morning he was found forty miles away completely exhausted. The Indians fell into a panic; no one did a stroke of work. Reports came in, which, if true, would mean that he had been seen on the same night in two different places thirty miles apart. The In-

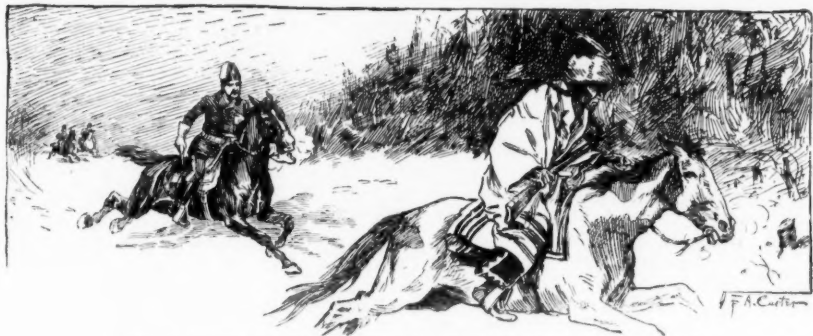
dians believed that he had some "medicine," and that he would never be caught. Three weeks had been lost in the chase, and even the police were beginning to chaff one another. It looked probable that Star-blanket had retired to the wilds of the Kooteney, or had flitted over the line to Montana.

He could have done either of these things readily enough, but, with a sort of bravado,



"... he told many a story of violent deed and desperate death."

he chose to circle like a hawk about his own reserve. He well knew what an excitement his escapade was causing, and his gratified vanity bore him through perils and hardships which he would for some reasons have shunned. All the nights of the late October were cold, as he sometimes lay next his horse in the bottom of a coulee, sheltered from the wind, with his single blanket for a covering, or riding in the teeth of a storm of snow or sleet to appear or disappear like a spirit. Hunger pursued him. The white man, with his cunning, had locked up his women, and they could not *cache* food for him. He distrusted his relatives, he knew that they would be bribed to hunt him down or lay a trap for him. Sometimes he stood under the



"Every moment he expected to hear the whistle of a bullet past his ears."

stars so near their tepees that he could hear their breathing. Once he stole two days' rations from a mounted policeman who was sleeping by his hobbled horse. But always he was hungry. His face grew more emaciated and his eyes took on the glitter of ice under starlight. Sleepless by night and by day, he called on his gods to strike his enemies. They had taken his country from him, his manners and his garb, and when he rebelled against them, their hands were upon him. Sometimes he felt as if his head was on fire, and he held his hands up in the dark to see the reflection of the flames. Sometimes he reeled in his saddle when he looked off toward the foothills of the Rockies, shining silvery in the distance, like an uplifted land of promise.

He was getting tired of it all. A sort of contempt for his pursuers, for the hundreds of them who could not catch him, crept upon him. He grew more careless and more daring. They found his trail mingled with their own. One day after a storm, in which three inches of snow had fallen, he struck the trail boldly at Bentley's, crossed the ford there without any attempt at concealment, worked his way down the river. Again he forded; then doubling on his tracks through thick brush, recrossed his own trail at Bentley's, and then followed the river-bank up stream. Then, after a mile or so, he came out into the open. It was a clear morning after the storm; above, a lofty blue sky; below, the plain stretching away covered with the gleaming snow. He was riding leisurely, when suddenly, without turning around, he knew he was followed. Urging his horse and glancing over his shoulder, he saw three mounted men on his trail about a mile away. He dashed ahead, at first without eagerness, with an air of reckless contempt. The next

time he looked he noticed that one of the horsemen had begun to draw away from his companions.

Star-blanket's pony was not fresh, he had ridden him many a mile in the night, and the beast showed signs of fatigue. He urged him to the top of his speed, but the next time he looked behind his pursuer had gained. He could see that he was mounted on a spirited horse which was perfectly fresh. He calculated that before he had gone another mile his enemy would be abreast of him. His own beast, instead of responding to his cries, seemed to lag; he had no life in him. When Star-blanket looked over his shoulder again he could almost distinguish the features of his pursuer. He had long, blond mustaches and a ruddy face. Star-blanket knew who it was. It was Sergeant Wales of the Pincher Creek detachment. He was rapidly overhauling him. Star-blanket could hear him shout now and then. What would he do? His impulse was simply to surrender. Glancing once more behind him, he saw that Wales had drawn his pistol and he would soon be within its range. Again he urged his tired beast. He kept his eyes fixed for a while on the snow which the hoofs of his pony were trampling. Over the light, uneven sound of his hoofs and the movements of his trappings, Star-blanket began to hear the pounding of the approaching feet, regular and strong, and the jingle and rattle of the accoutrements. Every moment he expected to hear the whistle of a bullet past his ears.

Suddenly the thought flashed through him that Wales intended to take him alive and lead him back to the barracks a captive. Once more, and for the last time, he looked behind him. Rushing splendidly, horse and rider moving as one, they thundered down

upon him. Sun flashing from red tunic, from points of brass and steel, foam springing from nostril white as the snow into which it fell, on they came as if hurled from a catapult to overwhelm irresistably this rickety pony with his starved rider. Star-blanket gazed for a moment; he could see the eye-balls of his captor gleam. He did not utter a sound; he merely smiled with the glorious excitement and triumph. I will make him shoot me, the Indian thought. His rifle lay in the hollow of his arm. Star-blanket turned away, and as he turned, his rifle spoke. Now he will shoot me in the back, he thought. No. Thirty yards they went. Star-blanket heard a cry behind him. He turned in time to see the towering frame of Wales swerve in his saddle, bend backwards, swing from his horse. In a twinkling, Star-blanket wheeled his pony. The horse, dragging his master's weight, rushed on for twenty yards, then stopped. Quickly, so quickly that the words of the story seem leaden, Star-blanket dismounted. A couple of bullets whistled far over his head from his other pursuers half a mile away. Then he did something inconceivably brave for an Indian. He ran close to the dead man, fired into him, grabbed his horse, leaped into the saddle and was off. From a mile distant, he saw his pursuers

stoop over the body of the sergeant, and then gaze after him where he made a blot upon the snow. Slowly he raised his arm and

turned from them, making for Stand-Off and the mouth of the Kootenay.

Wolf-plume was Star-blanket's brother-in-law. He had a house with two stories, and one bed in which he never slept. Following the agent's directions, by day his house wore an inviting appearance; by night it was lighted as if prepared for feasting and tea drinking. The third night after the shooting of Wales, the snow had begun to fall near sundown, and fell silently, unmoved by wind, as the night deepened. Through the snow, an Indian, leading his horse, his face hidden in his blanket, approached Wolf-plume's house. He tapped softly at the door. When Wolf-plume came, the covering dropped a little from the face. It was Star-blanket. At first he would not come nearer. But, reassured by the words of his brother-in-law, and drawn powerfully by the odor of a stew that came out strongly into the snow, he threw the rein off his arm, left his horse standing, and entered. There was no danger in sight. A bench was placed for him.

The stew tasted like nothing which had ever passed his lips before; and weariness overcame him, weariness and sleep. After weeks



"The next morning they took him away."

of privation, starved, frozen, jaded with the saddle, hunted for his life, he lay down in the house of his friends and slept.

He slept. Then Wolf-plume took the lamp out of the east window and from miles away started the policemen who had waited only for that signal. Soon they had surrounded the little house. They let him sleep as a free man, sleep as the snow fell, and the clouds cleared off, and stars came out piercingly bright in the sky. He woke toward morning, and all about him was the stamping of horses and the movement of red tunics.

Many days after that, just before they handed him, he thought of the medicine-pole-bag. He had often thought of Pretty-face, but he did not want to see her. He had thought of many things which he did not understand. He was to die in the white man's manner, in the way he killed the braves of his own race who had dealt mightily with their hands. He could not comprehend it all. They had driven away the buffalo, and made the Indian sad with flour and beef, and had put his muscles into harness. He had only shot a bad Indian, and they rose

upon him. His gun had shot a big policeman, and when they had taught his brother-in-law their own morals he was taken in sleep, and now there was to be an end. He did not know what Père Pauquette meant by his prayers, and the presentation of the little crucifix worn bright with many salutations. It was all involved in mystery, dire and vast. Groping about for some solace he sent for the medicine-pole-bag, and when they brought it, and he was left alone, he placed it in a corner of his cell, and gazed for a long time upon the *parfleche* covering with its magical markings. When they had left him for his last sleep he gathered it to his breast, and all night he slept with it there, unutterably content. The next morning they took him away. It was very cold for early spring. He did not hear or understand what Père Pauquette murmured in his ear. His was the calm of a stoic. He breathed deeply the scent of the sweet grass with which the medicine-pole-bag was filled, which clung to his tunic and rose like incense about his face. And so Star-blanket died.

THE GROWTH OF THE OCEAN FLYER

By ROBERT EARL

A CURIOUS experience befell those on board the staunch vessel *Contract* in the course of one of her regular voyages, in the year 1819. The *Contract* was in the mid-Atlantic when her lookout sighted on the horizon a ship apparently on fire. The schooner put about immediately and started to the rescue. Officers, crew, and the few passengers on board watched with intense interest while they approached the other vessel. But on coming nearer they were surprised to see that the ship which they supposed to be on fire was under sail and that the column of smoke above her issued from a funnel. The strange ship showed no signs of distress, but drew rapidly away and soon passed out of sight, although all sail was spread on the *Contract*, and she was a smart ship as speed was reckoned.

The incident caused much discussion among those on board the *Contract*. It was decided that the strange vessel must be the steam packet concerning which there had been much talk for some time before. The

wise seafaring men shook their heads and predicted that she would prove a failure. Steam was all right in its place, they said, but its place was not on the ocean.

As a matter of fact, the vessel which aroused so much interest and speculation on the part of those aboard the *Contract* was the *Savannah*, the first ship ever propelled across the Atlantic by the use of steam. She had sailed for Liverpool from the port for which she was named on May 26th. Twenty-five days later she entered the Mersey, moving along under her own power, her sails furled, and attended by the buzzas of the excited multitude that had gathered to see her enter. She was the first ocean liner in history.

Although the *Savannah* had accomplished a feat never before undertaken by any ship, her voyage was not a complete success so far as demonstrating that the day of the sailing ship was over. When fourteen days out the fuel supply had run low, and the captain was compelled to rely on the sails for



The U. S. S. "Columbia" in Dry Dock, Showing the Three Propellers.

the completion of the voyage, but he kept enough pitch pine in store to enable him to steam into port and so make a "grand stand" finish.

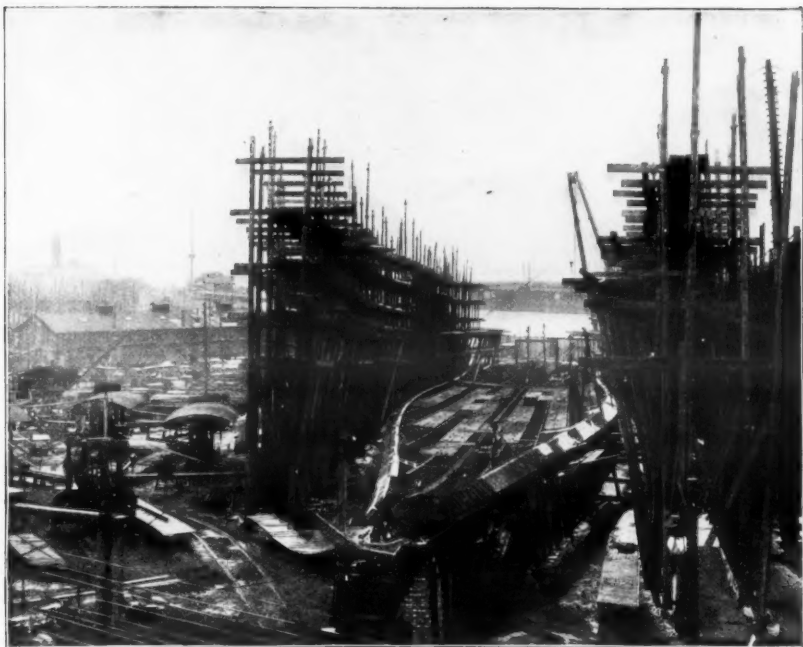
Steam travel across the Atlantic began with the *Savannah*, but steam navigation antedated her exploit by some twelve years. All have read how Robert Fulton's *Clermont* astonished the good people of New York in 1807 by steaming up the Hudson, and of the daring builder's prophecy that steamboats would be constructed to make twelve miles an hour!

Perhaps the best idea of the advance that has been made in steamship building may be had by comparing the first steamship with the most recent one. The *Clermont's* dimensions were Length 133 feet, beam eighteen feet, tonnage 160. Her engine developed twenty-four horse power. The *Oceanic*, latest and greatest of steam vessels, is 704 feet long, has sixty-eight feet beam, a tonnage of 17,040, and engines of above 20,000 horse power.

The contrast is remarkable, but the advance has been a logical one, and has gone on so gradually that it is difficult to explain it without giving a history of steamship

traffic. In the case of the steamship, unlike that of some other inventions, it is impossible to point out a few events as indicating the great advances that have been made in the perfection of its mechanism. The development has gone on step by step, instead of by a few long leaps. At the same time, there are a few important dates which mark particular advances in the art of steamship construction and navigation.

In the earliest days of steam travel on water, the improvement of vessels went on most rapidly in America. This was due, no doubt, to our extensive waterway system and the number of vast rivers reaching into the interior of the country. From the very first the *Clermont* and two sister ships of the same type were kept in service on the Hudson. In 1809 the *Phoenix*, a little boat built in New York, made the voyage from New York to Philadelphia by sea, thus accomplishing the first ocean voyage in which steam was used. Two years later the first Mississippi steamboat was built at Pittsburgh and made the trip down to New Orleans. She was the first of a great fleet of inland river steamers which soon came into existence. All these boats, of course, were of



The Hamburg-American Steamer "Deutschland," in Process of Building.

the same primitive type as the *Clermont*. They burned wood fuel and carried small engines, but improvements were gradually introduced, such as the introduction of a pair of engines instead of the single one used in the earliest steamers.

These attempts, experiments they might be called, prepared the way for the *Savannah*. She was built as a sailer, but was equipped with paddle wheels that could be taken apart. After her first celebrated voyage she abandoned steam power entirely. It was decided that there was no profit in using steam for navigation purposes. Not until ten years later was there a second attempt to breast the power of the Atlantic by means of steam. On April 4, 1829, the *Sirius*, a 700-ton ship, sailed from Cork for New York City. Four days later the *Great Western* left Bristol for the same destination, and the first trans-Atlantic race was on. The *Great Western* was the larger ship, 1,340 tons, and she came near winning the race. Both reached New York harbor on the same day, April 2d, only a few hours apart. The captain of the *Sirius* would have been compelled to submit to the ignominious spectacle of having his ship towed up the harbor if he had not

had the spirit to burn his outworks and part of the cargo in order to steam into port.

The amount of steam travel gradually increased within the following decade, especially on the rivers and lakes. For ocean travel the sailing ship remained in favor much longer. It was not until the steamship demonstrated its superiority over the sailing vessel in the matter of speed that it began to win its way into popular favor. This transition was coincident with the first great improvement in steam navigation—the adoption of the screw propeller. It is a curious fact that the idea of driving a vessel by means of twin screws placed at the stern was originated even before Fulton's plan of side paddle wheels. In 1805, Colonel John Stevens, of Hoboken, designed a small boat built on this principle, but she was not a success. The son of Colonel Stevens afterward said that the failure was due to the fact that the boat was tried in too shallow water. Except for this our steamships might have been built with screw propellers from the very outset.

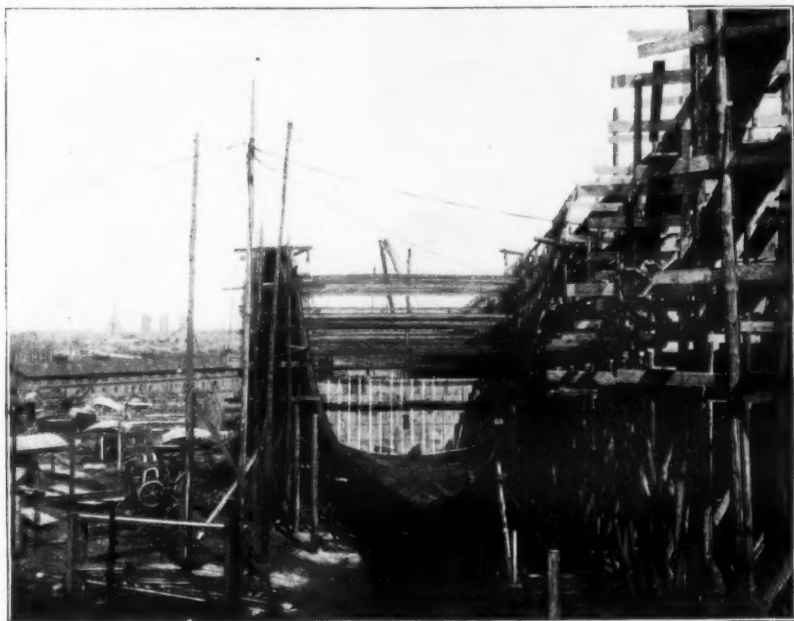
It remained, however, for John Ericsson, who was responsible for many other notable improvements in ship-building, to bring

about the general introduction of the twin screw almost exactly as we have it to-day. It was in 1837 that Ericsson built the first small boat of this sort. In 1841 he designed the *Princeton*, the first war ship to be built with propellers, and in the same year the *Vandalia*, the first important commercial vessel of the kind, was built at Oswego, New York. Following the success of these vessels, the twin screw came into general adoption.

The screw propeller is very simple in principle and construction, and yet it is so effective that no substitute for it is likely to be found for many a decade to come. In operation it is the windmill reversed. The propeller consists of a shaft projecting from the stern of the ship and terminating in a set of blades, usually three or four in number, all placed at the same angle. The shafts are revolved by means of the ship's engines, and the resistance developed by the propeller blades revolving in the water drives the vessel forward. If a ship were firmly fastened so that she could not move forward and the engines were kept in motion, the movement of the propellers would develop a powerful current in the water astern. Where it is a question of the relative resistance of the

ship's bulk and the water, that of the water is always greater, and owing to the fact that the power is applied directly at the stern there is less loss of energy than in the case of side wheels. Especially is this true in ocean navigation, where the rolling of the vessel from side to side often caused the old-fashioned wheels to lose their grip of the water. The adoption of the screw propeller immediately reduced the time of an Atlantic voyage from twenty days to about fourteen days.

In comparison with the size of the great ocean steamer, the dimensions of the propellers which drive her through the water at the rate of twenty-five miles or more per hour seem hopelessly inadequate. For instance, if one stands beneath such a ship when she lies in dry dock and looks up at her great height, and along her hundreds of feet of length, it seems impossible that the propellers can fulfill their task. As a matter of fact, however, their efficiency depends upon the speed with which they are revolved rather than upon their size. Nor are they small in themselves. The propellers of a steamship of the largest size, together with the stern tubes in which they are carried, weigh close to one hundred tons. Moreover,



The Hamburg-American Steamer "Deutschland," in Process of Building.



An Old Timer, the "Waesland."

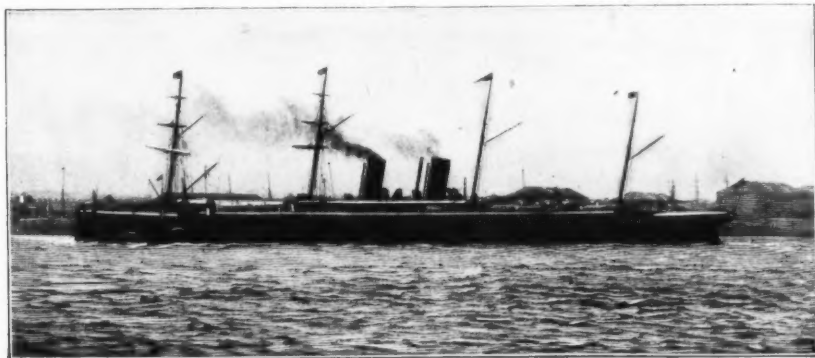
they are one of the most expensive portions of the ship. The propellers are so essential to the ship's progress that they are made of the toughest metal obtainable. Nickeled steel was formerly employed for this purpose, but at the present time manganese bronze is the favorite material. Manganese bronze costs in the neighborhood of \$600 per ton, and this makes the total cost of a pair of three-bladed screws amount to \$50,000 or \$60,000.

Another change which was practically coincident with that in the driving machinery was the substitution of iron for wood in the structure of sea-going vessels. The adoption of iron made the walls of the vessel stronger, enabled them to be built of greater size, and permitted the use of heavier engines and machinery. It may be said that an era in ocean travel began in the year 1840, when

these improvements first made their appearance. It was in that year that the first regular steam passenger line, the *Cunard*, was established.

The culmination of this early progress in steamship building was the *Great Eastern*. At the time of her construction this vessel was ranked as the eighth wonder of the world. She was built on the Thames, and four years were occupied in the process. Finally, after several failures in attempts at launching her, she was given to the waves in the year 1858, and made her first voyage across the Atlantic in 1860.

The *Great Eastern* was a very leviathan of the deep. She was 691 feet long, had a beam of seventy-two feet, and a net tonnage of nearly 20,000. She was equipped both with paddle wheels and screw, but in spite of this fact, she proved a commercial failure.

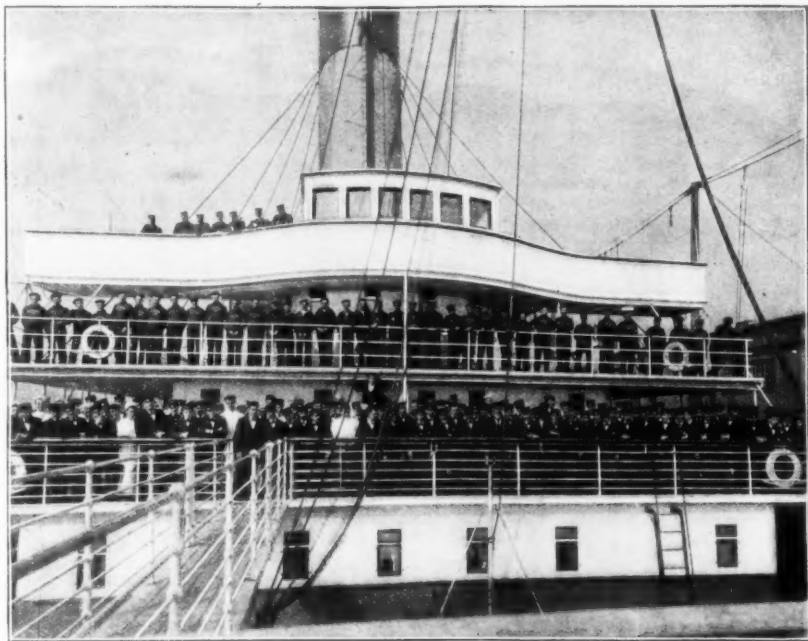


The "Alaska," Which for Years Held the Title of the Ocean Greyhound.

The amount of fuel which she consumed in her Atlantic trip was so great as to preclude the possibility of profit, and her career as a passenger ship was a brief one. The *Great Eastern* did good work, however, in laying the Atlantic cables, and her name is thus indissolubly connected with that of one of the great achievements of the century. After she had served this worthy purpose the great ship fell on evil days. For a time she was used as a floating museum to advertise certain wares, and later she became a coal hulk. In 1886 she reached her melancholy

been introduced. In 1870 the compound engine came into use, and this was gradually improved until now triple and quadruple expansion engines are the prevailing type. Without going into technical details, it may be said that the multiple expansion engine uses the steam developed by the boilers more than once, thus providing economy of power and making a ton of coal do half again as much work as it did in the old days.

In 1880 new processes in the manufacture of steel enabled that material to supplant iron in the structure of all vessels of large



Part of the "Oceanic's" Crew, Showing Officers on the Bridge.

end, was sold for scrap iron and broken up. The fate of the *Great Eastern* illustrates the folly of attempting too radical an advance in the development of any complicated mechanism. When it became clear that she was a commercial failure, it was freely prophesied that she marked the end of all attempts to build big ships. But what could not be accomplished at a single bound has been done by slow degrees. Not until 1899, thirty-five years after the keel of the *Great Eastern* was laid, were her dimensions surpassed. Meanwhile, many improvements had

size. Steel is at once lighter and stronger than either wood or iron. The structural development which has given us the sky scraper was gradually supplied to the building of ocean steamers. It resulted in an immediate increase in the size of the vessels, enabling still more powerful engines than before to be put in. Likewise the application of steel to all structural parts of the steamship have made it much safer, stronger and more easily handled, with the consequence that there are far fewer accidents to-day than formerly, and the ocean

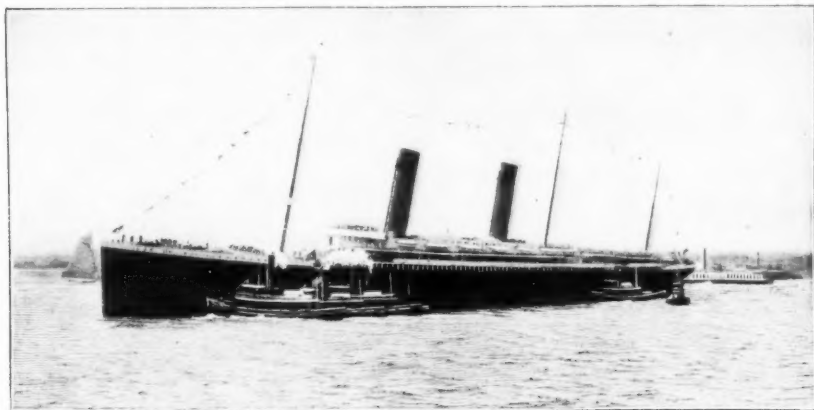
liner is safer than any known method of travel on land.

Under the influence of these two great factors in the improvement of ocean steamships the rates of speed rapidly went up several notches. From 1870 to 1890 speed increased from fourteen knots per hour to nineteen knots. In 1890 the device of triple screws made its appearance, but it has not come into very general use. It has been found in most cases that twin screws can develop all the power that a ship's engines are capable of producing. The *Columbia* of our navy is one of the examples of the triple screw steamship, and in connection with her great engine power, this makes her one of the fastest vessels of the present day.

During the past decade the advance in

age rates of speed which have been established.

Along with the improvement in the mechanism and structure of ocean steamships has gone another advance no less marked. This has been the improvement in the comfort and luxury afforded to passengers. In a measure, this improvement has been the effect of the vast increase in passenger traffic, but it is equally certain that it also has been effective in adding to the volume of travel. Thus the two influences have been intro-active. It goes without saying that anything which adds to the ease and pleasure of traveling will add to the volume of travel. How great an increase there has been in this direction may be indicated by the fact that in 1840 when the *Brittania* made her first trip



The "Oceanic," Turning in Mid-stream.

ocean steamships has been chiefly in the direction of size, steadiness and safety rather than great speed. In fact, so far as the matter of speed is concerned, we have advanced to a point where it is difficult to make any further increase profitable without some radical departure in motive power or engine capacity. At the present time several of the largest companies have given up the attempt, temporarily at least, to outdo their rivals by cutting the fraction of a knot of the speed records. Some of the lines, the White Star and the American, for example, have voluntarily relinquished the struggle for record speed in favor of greater steadiness and comfort in the new vessels which they are building. At the same time, it is not likely that any new vessel will be permitted to fall far behind the highest aver-

it was mentioned as a remarkable piece of information that she carried ninety passengers. At the present time great ships like the *Oceanic* come into port bringing upward of 2,000 persons. The contrast is the more effective when it is considered that in 1840 there was practically only one steam line with four vessels, while at the present time there are upward of a dozen well-equipped lines centered in New York alone, and some thirty passenger liners enter and leave the port every week.

It is difficult to make the ocean voyager of the present day understand how great has been the improvement in the lot of his kind since the days when his father or grandfather looked forward in terror to the necessity of a trans-Atlantic trip. In those days the best of ocean steamships was an ill-



In the Galley of the "Oceanic."

smelling and uncomfortable place. The berths, rough wooden cots, were unlighted and generally so uncomfortable that only the necessity of illness kept the passenger in them. Such a thing as a smoking room was unknown, and the passengers indulged their fondness for tobacco sitting in the companionways. The suggestion of tiled bath-rooms on shipboard would have made a skipper of that day laugh in derision. The food consisted of salt meats, and was generally unpalatable. The vessels themselves, being much smaller than those of the present day, and none of them with the modern advantages of construction, rolled and pitched frightfully, and the passengers generally were kept in such a state that they would have welcomed land even if the only way of reaching it had been by going to the bottom.

Compare this picture with that of the modern ocean liner. In the latter fortunes are lavished in costly furnishings, carvings, decorations, carpets and general equipment. There are libraries well stocked with books, smoking rooms luxuriously furnished for the comfort of all who care to use them; barber shops, numerous baths, and, in fact, all the

conveniences of the best-equipped establishment on land. If the passenger is willing to pay for it, he may have a suite of apartments, in which he will find real beds instead of berths, private bath-rooms, and all the comforts and luxuries to which he is accustomed in his daily life.

In the dining-room perhaps the change is most marked of all. The development of modern refrigeration makes it possible for the table that is spread in the mid-Atlantic to be equipped with all the delicacies of the season. Game, fruit, ices—everything palatable and tempting to the appetite is to be had, and the deadly monotony of sea fare is no longer the scourge of the hapless passenger. On many of the largest liners the music of an orchestra is now provided as an accompaniment to the daily dinner.

The vast scale on which travel is carried on at the present day, and the giant steamships which it has developed, make the organization of a modern ocean liner entirely different from that of its early prototype. The sailor is no longer the supreme factor in the management of an ocean steamship. In fact, the sailor as he existed in the old days has practically disappeared. The mod-

ern steamship of the large size carries a crew of 500 men. Of these, perhaps seventy-five are classed as sailors, but their duties relate chiefly to cleaning decks, operating the auxiliary machinery and carrying on such menial tasks. The old glory of Jack Tar has departed since the days of steam.

The men of chief importance in driving the modern ocean liner are the men in the engine rooms. They are seldom seen by the passengers except possibly at the end of a voyage when they emerge, grimy and blackened as strange imps, to get a breath of the fresh air which has been denied them so long. Their labor is the hardest labor that men perform anywhere, and it is carried on far down in the depths of the vessel, where the usual temperature is far above one hundred degrees. Out of the crew of half a thousand men, 200 are likely to make up the engine room complement. These are divided between the stokers, who feed the glowing furnaces, the trimmers, who bring the coal to the furnace mouths, and the greasers, who keep the machinery bright and in running order. It is a curious fact that with all the advance that has been made in mechanical appliances, no substitute has been found for hand labor in the feeding of the steamship furnaces. Nor is it likely that the shovel and the fire rake can be dispensed with in favor of an automatic system of furnace feeding until some form of liquid fuel comes into general adoption.

By far the largest contingent of employees on any modern ocean steamer is that which is devoted to looking after the well-being of passengers. This is divided into bedroom stewards and stewardesses, dining-room stewards—waiters we should call them on land—cooks, scullions, storekeepers and galley employees of many kinds. On a great steamship there are likely to be one hundred bedroom stewards, half a hundred dining-room stewards, and as many more galley employees of all ranks.

The ordering of such an army requires the perfect organization that always excites admiration on shipboard. While the captain holds supreme authority, each department is in the charge of a chief officer. The sailors are under the direction of the first officer, the engine room is directed absolutely by the chief engineer, and the host of persons employed to care for the passengers are under the direction of the purser, with the chief steward as his first assistant.

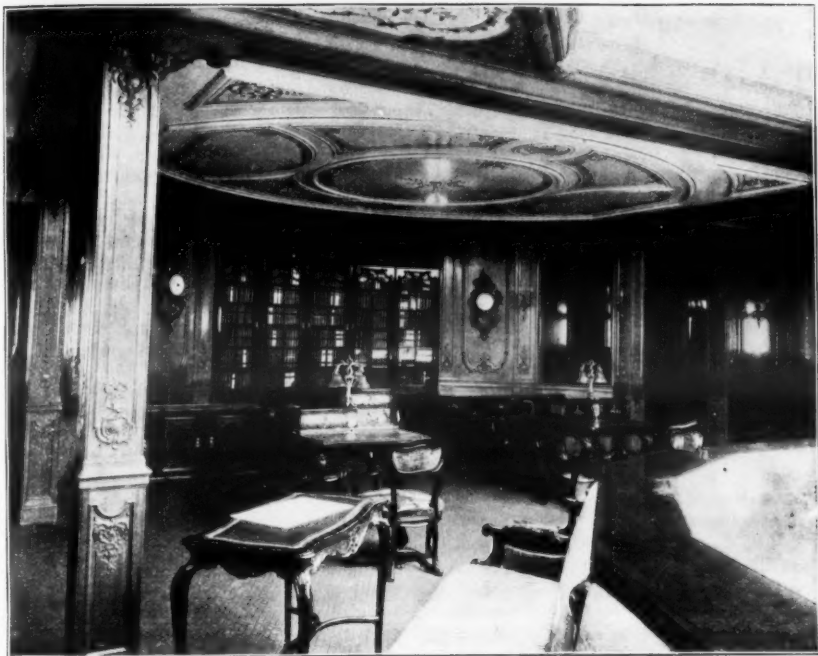
The ocean steamship has frequently been compared to a great hotel, but in reality it

is more like a floating city in the variety of its interests and occupations. For example, the problem before the commissary department is not merely that of feeding so many hundred people each day. The human freight of a great steamer is divided into many classes and families, and for each of these separate provision must be made. No less than twenty meals are served daily on board a big steamship, and each of these meals must be separately ordered and prepared. The manner in which the meals are arranged and the amount of foodstuffs required for them will give an idea of the scale on which the entire organization of a great ocean liner lies.

On the afternoon of each day the chief steward retires to his office and makes out a list of the various *menus* for the following day. As soon as these are completed they are turned over to the ship's printer, who prints them off on a small hand press. They are then given to the various chief cooks—the meat cook, the baker, the chief pastry cook, the confectioner, and so on. Each of these estimates the amount of the various materials which he will require, and these lists, when signed by the chief steward, become requisitions upon the storekeepers in charge of the supplies. Then the various heads of departments set to work. Each chief cook concocts his special dishes in a little office which he has to himself, and his directions are carried out by a corps of assistants.

Everything about the kitchen of a great steamship is on a most elaborate scale. The range weighs many tons. The various soup caldrons are constructed to hold twenty gallons. Loaves are baked by the hundred, joints roasted by the dozen, each in a separate and specially constructed compartment. To serve the meals, thousands of plates, pieces of silver, cups and saucers and napkins are required, and the average breakage in the galley of a big ship amounts to a barrel of china every day.

The amount of stores required for a single voyage by a great liner is comparable only to the commissariat of an army. Here are a few figures furnished by the chief steward of one of the big German ships from the order sheet for a recent trip: Sixteen tons of fresh beef, five tons of lamb and veal, 3,500 head of chickens, ducks, geese and game, four tons of salted meats, 1,000 dozens eggs, three tons of sugar, 100 barrels of flour, 700 bushels of potatoes, two and one-half tons of butter, 2,000 quarts of milk, and



The Library on the "Oceanic."

500 gallons of ice cream. Of course, this is not an exhaustive list, but it will serve to give an idea of the enormous appetite which the storerooms of the ocean liner must satisfy. No less wonderful than their amount is the manner in which they are stored, prepared and served within the restricted quarters of even the largest vessel. It represents a triumph of perfect systematization.

Many attempts have been made to forecast the future development of ocean voyaging. A hint as to what it may be is given by a vessel launched only a few months ago. This is the *Viper*, a British torpedo boat, and the fastest vessel afloat at the present time. The *Viper* is equipped with turbine engines, and it is freely predicted that these engines will come into use on the largest ocean liners in the course of a few years. The particular value of the turbine engine is that the shafts are driven by the steam striking against a great number of small flanges set in the shaft itself. Thus the motion is constantly in one direction, and greater power is obtained from a certain amount of steam than in reciprocating engines.

Another possible improvement discussed from time to time is the adoption of liquid fuel or a combination of solid and gaseous fuel, which should give greater steaming power with the same engine capacity. These and many other plans are being carefully considered. All have for their object an increase in the speed of ocean vessels without any great increase in size. It is more than likely that within the next ten years some device will be adopted which will make it possible to realize the cherished dream of thirty knots an hour to Europe. If this dream is realized, it will mean the cutting down of the present time of trans-Atlantic passages by rather more than a day.

Whatever may be the developments of the future, the ocean liner as she exists to-day represents one of the great triumphs of human ingenuity. By making ocean travel quick, safe, and comfortable the liner has added vastly to the education and culture of the world, has brought men of different climes and races to a better understanding of one another, and is doing as much as any other factor to promote the fellowship which is the fabric of all true civilization.

TALES OF THE CHEMISTS' CLUB

BY HOWARD FIELDING

IX—THE INDELIBLE STAIN.

PROFESSOR Charles Worrell, an English chemist, was engaged by the town of Wrentham to make some analyses in connection with its water supply, and while thus occupied, he was the guest of his friend, Sir Hubert Miller. Strictly speaking, Sir Hubert had no hospitality to offer, being almost entirely dependent upon the bounty of his nephew, Edward Miller, with whom he resided.

Professor Worrell arrived in Wrentham in the evening. Sir Hubert was waiting for him at the station with a carriage.

"There are some people at the house to-night," said Sir Hubert, in a tone of considerable annoyance.

"Anything wrong?" queried Worrell.

"There is the deuce to pay, down here," responded Sir Hubert. "An American adventuress—that is, she says she's an American, and therefore she probably isn't—at all events, an adventuress from somewhere has got hold of my nephew, and he is lost!"

"You mean that he's going to marry her?"

"Not if I can prevent the calamity."

"I thought he was engaged to marry Margaret Wayne. Why, the wedding was set for this month, the last that I heard about it."

"That's all over," he said. "Six weeks ago this American girl, with her alleged father, arrived in Wrentham, and that was the end of Edward. The girl is one of those conspicuous blondes. When you see her hair you'll probably recognize the chemical that imparted its peculiar hue. It's a good counterfeiter, and so is she, and so is her father. You could mistake her for a lady, and him for a gentleman. They must have mixed with cultivated people somewhere. They pretend to be here investigating their claim to the old Stannard property that has been kicking around in the courts for half a century—call themselves Stannard, and hail from New York. But I've written to some New York lawyers, and they reply that these people have never been heard of in that city; that there's no such street as the one they say they live on; and, in short, they are frauds.

Of course, the girl is after my nephew's money."

"Have you told Edward the report from New York?"

"Not a word," replied Sir Hubert. "I am waiting to make my case complete. Do you remember Carleton Rhett?"

"Indistinctly," replied Worrell. "He was the late James Rhett's son, and he got into some sort of trouble, didn't he?"

"Yes, he tried to destroy the will of his grandfather. This was the way of it: When Grandfather Rhett died, at the age of about a hundred, everybody thought that Charley Rhett was almost the sole heir, and the estate is something fabulous. Well, for about a month, young Rhett was looked upon as the richest young man in these parts, and then a later will turned up, and it gave him less than a thousand pounds. I confess that that was enough to make any man desperate. Young Rhett tried to get the will out of a lawyer's safe—"

"I remember. Frederick Chandler was the man. He caught Rhett in the act, and was pretty roughly handled in defending the will."

"Precisely," said Sir Hubert. "The will was saved, and Rhett escaped. He lived a riotous life in London for six or eight months—for he had the thousand pounds, you know—and then he was caught and sent to prison."

"But what has this to do with your nephew and Miss Stannard?" asked Worrell.

"Barney," said Sir Hubert to the coachman, "pull up a moment."

The carriage was just entering the grounds surrounding the Miller estate, and the lamps at the gateway threw a bright glare into the vehicle.

"About a week ago Edward received this," said Sir Hubert, drawing a paper from a wallet.

In the light of the lamps, the chemist read as follows:

"You shall not marry that woman because she is mine. She made me what I am. If you have any doubts, ask her.—C. R."

"Is this from Rhett?" asked Worrell.

"Without doubt," replied Sir Hubert. "He used to be good friends with Edward, and I've seen plenty of notes from him. The manner of writing the initials is very characteristic. Observe the joining of the letters and the way in which the top line of the R runs straight over the C."

"It was addressed to Edward, I suppose?"

"Yes; it came in the mail one morning. That was the day before I got my letter from New York. If I had had it then, I should have laid the facts before Edward, for he showed me this communication. 'What shall you do?' I asked him. 'This,' said he; and tore the note into pieces. I fished the scraps out of the waste-paper basket later and patched them together as you see. Since then I have moved heaven and earth to find Rhett. I am almost sure that he is in Wrentham; the note was mailed here. But I can't get any trace of him. Margaret and I—"

"Miss Wayne?"

"Yes; she and I have worked together in our efforts to save Edward. She released him from his engagement without a word of reproach, but she has never lost the hope of rescuing him from the clutch of this money-hunting Yankee. I was about to say that Margaret and I had employed detectives to search for Rhett. He is keeping dark because he was sent to prison for attempting to destroy the will, and might still be tried for the assault on Chandler."

The carriage stopped at a little *porte cochere*, remote from the brilliant front of the mansion. The sound of music was as if it came from a great distance.

"A considerable company, I should judge," said Worrell, giving ear to the music.

"Yes; confound them!" answered Sir Hubert, "these Stannards have been taken up by a good many people that ought to know better. My sister countenances them—though I fancy she has her doubts—otherwise Edward couldn't give this entertainment."

"Would you believe it," continued Sir Hubert, as the two men paused in the arch of the doorway, "Margaret is in this house to assist me? We had some hope of a report from London to-night. My theory is that this Stannard girl was an episode in Rhett's London career, when he was spending his thousand pounds, and I have had a man at work on that feature of the case. He might have come down on your train, but he didn't; at least, I didn't see him. Margaret will be disappointed. She is waiting for me in the breakfast room."

"Do you think Miss Wayne would care to see me?" asked Worrell.

"I will inquire," replied Sir Hubert. "What was that?"

Both men heard a strange sound, as of two voices mingled discordantly in a single monosyllable. Then they heard Edward's voice demanding: "Why are you here?"

A few seconds sufficed for Worrell and Sir Hubert to run along the veranda as far as the corner whence they could look toward the front of the house, but beyond was yet another angle, between them and the broad, fantastically lighted portion that extended before the bright windows of the drawing-room and ball-room, which were on opposite sides of the main hall.

In the dark space between them and this angle, they saw two figures struggling.

"You'll know! you'll see!" gasped one of them. "She is branded on the brow."

"That's Rhett's voice," cried Sir Hubert.

At that moment Edward Miller lifted his antagonist into the air, and dropped him over the rail of the veranda. It was not a pleasant spectacle, for at that point of the structure there was a difference of level amounting to nearly twenty feet between the veranda and the ground.

"You've killed him!" exclaimed Sir Hubert, springing to the rail. "No; he is all right. He is running away. Can't somebody catch him!"

"Not by my order," replied Edward, in a tone that was wonderfully steady, considering his recent exertion. "The further he runs, the better it will suit me. But we must get away from here ourselves. The people in front are beginning to come this way, and I don't wish to answer any questions."

He pushed up a window, and stepped into the butler's pantry, which happened to be the handiest place of refuge. Worrell and Sir Hubert followed hastily, the latter asking breathless questions.

"I was walking this way to find some one—I mean Miss Stannard, of course," said Edward. "She said she'd just step out of the heat and the glitter a moment, and I thought she went in this direction; but it seems she didn't. As I came round the corner, I saw this fellow skulking in the shadow by a window. I couldn't make out what he was doing; he seemed to be trying to carry something out of the house."

"Did you hear what he said?" demanded Sir Hubert.

"About branding somebody? Yes."

"Edward, have you ever seen Miss Stannard's forehead?"

"No," replied the young man, calmly. "Those blessed little curls of hers come way down to her eyes, and she won't let a fellow fool with them."

"For a very good reason," replied Uncle Hubert. "The brand is under them; hidden by them. It was she whom Rhett was speaking with. He had lain in wait for her. Edward, are you still blind. This man Rhett—"

"Is a lunatic," interrupted Edward. "I mean it literally. He has never been sane a minute since his grandfather's money went the wrong way. It was an outrage to imprison him, and I said so at the time, for he was no more responsible for his conduct than the wildest maniac in any asylum in England. Dr. Brandon told me that Rhett's lawyer was a fool not to enter that plea. But come; we can't talk in this cubby hole. Let's go in here."

"Not that way!" cried Sir Hubert; but too late to stop Edward, who pushed open a door, and stalked into the breakfast room.

The house was lighted by electricity, and in every room there was a switch which controlled the illumination. It chanced that the one in the breakfast room was close to Edward's hand as he entered. In an instant the place was flooded with white light, which disclosed Margaret standing with her back against the wall on the opposite side of the room. Hearing some one coming, she had tried to escape by a door and had found it locked.

"Why, Margaret!" cried the young man. "I had no idea you were in the house. But you are welcome, always welcome, whenever you may come, and upon whatever errand."

"I brought Margaret here," said Sir Hubert, before the girl could speak; "and I'm mighty glad I did. If you'd only held on to Rhett instead of trying to break the poor fellow's neck, we might have had all our little difficulties straightened out in a few minutes. We can do it now, if you will listen to reason. Edward, I have written to New York and have received the reply that the Stannards are not known there. The street upon which they say that they live is not in that city."

"Well, upon my word!" said a voice that made Sir Hubert whirl around in a twinkling. "I'm surprised to learn that Leicester street isn't in New York. I fancied that the recent consolidation had brought all Brooklyn in."

It was Kate Stannard. She had entered

the room the same way as the men and she stood there, a vision of beauty, confronting Sir Hubert with the utmost assurance. Sir Hubert was startled, but he held his ground.

"Miss Stannard," said he, "I am glad you are here, and I think I understand your very opportune presence quite well."

"There is no great mystery about it," replied the young woman. "I heard a noise on the veranda, and running to see what was wrong, I saw Edward and two other gentlemen pass in through a window. I was afraid something had happened to Edward, and so I followed. If Edward does not wish me to remain——"

He extended a hand and drew her toward him.

"Now, Uncle Hubert," said he, "let's have an end of this nonsense as soon as possible. Margaret, if you'd like to withdraw, I will take you to a place where you won't be disturbed. I'm afraid there's going to be a scene, you know, and——"

"I prefer to remain," said Margaret, standing like a statue.

"Miss Stannard," said Uncle Hubert, "do you know Carleton Rhett?"

"I have not the pleasure," replied the young woman; "who is he?"

Sir Hubert sketched Mr. Rhett with sufficient completeness, yet with exemplary brevity.

"Until your denial of his acquaintance," said he in conclusion, "I was under the impression that you had been conversing with him on the veranda just before his encounter with my nephew."

"You were mistaken," said Miss Stannard. "I never saw him."

"This is what he writes regarding your somewhat hasty engagement with my nephew," and Sir Hubert put the note into her hand.

"Any time that you want this stopped," said Edward to her, "I will stop it. You must understand that my uncle is laboring under an hallucination with which I have no sympathy whatever. Yet I would like to cure him of it, once for all, for he has been an excellent man, in the past."

"Let him say or do what he pleases," said Kate. "Sir Hubert, you tell me that Mr. Rhett has been in prison up to a few days ago. I have heard that English prisoners are frightfully shut out from the world. How could he have heard of my engagement with your nephew?"

"That is immaterial," replied Sir Hubert. "His note shows that he does know it."

"On the contrary," said Kate, "I think it shows that at the time when it was written he did not know. He was a boy in this town, and well acquainted with Miss Wayne. I think it much more likely that he refers to her. Her wedding was set for this month. My words may seem cruel, under the circumstances, but we must arrive at the truth, if we can."

As she spoke, she raised her left hand to her forehead, and pressed down the curls upon it tightly. It was a characteristic gesture, but at this moment it contained a suggestion for Uncle Hubert.

"Miss Stannard," said he, "we have had reason to believe that you knew Mr. Rhett in London during his brief career in that city, and that you would not wish the full story to be told."

"I can confront you with a man who can testify to this," said Margaret, coldly.

"What?" cried Uncle Hubert. "Has he returned?"

"He is at my house," replied Margaret.

"Then there is one point settled," said Sir Hubert. "There remains another. I heard Rhett say to-night that he had branded you on the brow. We would be gratified by a sight of your forehead, Miss Stannard."

For the first time the girl seemed to be staggered by Sir Hubert's attack. She hesitated a moment; raised her left hand to the curls again; and then turned to Edward.

"What do you say to this?" she asked.

"This is my answer," he replied, and he gently turned her about, so that her back was toward the others. "Now," he continued, "you see that my eyes are shut. That means that I don't have to see. I'd rather trust my heart than my sight."

His eyes being tightly closed, he parted her curls with his hands, and kissed her in the middle of the forehead. Then he replaced the ringlets, and opened his eyes.

"That shows you what I think of this absurdity, Uncle Hubert," said he.

In an instant Kate stepped forward to the table, at a point where the light shone down upon her the strongest. The others hurried forward, not knowing what she would do. She drew her hair far back from her brow, and held it thus with her left hand while they all saw a forehead as white as snow, and absolutely without blemish.

As they looked at her, they saw a strange, startled expression come into her face. She seemed as if trying to speak, but unable to articulate, or even to find the words that she would say. Her right arm rose slowly until

she pointed straight before her, across the table at Margaret Wayne.

The three men turned suddenly and saw Margaret standing as if transfixed with horror. She was looking not at Kate, but beyond her, where there was a mirror on the wall. In this she beheld her own face, and upon the brow were traced the letters C. R., just as Carleton Rhett always wrote them.

The lines were very faint, yet as the light struck upon them, they were unmistakable. They had not been there five minutes before, and Satan himself might explain their coming; certainly no one in the party except Professor Worrell regarded the apparition as less than miraculous.

The chemist was by far the calmest person present, and a trained scientific observer besides, so his word may count for something when he says that no one in that group moved or spoke for fully two minutes. Perhaps it was the conviction that the brand was growing darker, that suddenly broke the spell. Margaret uttered one long, terrible scream, and fled from the room. Her hands, as soon as she had succeeded in opening the door, were before her face, and her nails tore the skin upon her brow.

It is probable that, so far as she was capable of forming a plan, her intention was to run along the little hall that leads to the *porte cochere* by which Sir Hubert and Professor Worrell had been about to enter; but confused, she turned to the left instead of the right, and came out into the main dining-room of the house, wherein were many servants.

The cries uttered by these persons completely bewildered the fleeing girl. She burst out of that room into the conservatory, where there were at least a dozen guests, and thence ran straight into the ball-room. There she was seized by three or four men, who, hearing the outcry, supposed that an accident had happened, and that Margaret must have suffered some injury. Therefore, despite her screams, they gently forced her to remove her hands from her forehead that they might see the wound. Though no one at that moment fully understood, all had the wretched satisfaction afterwards of saying: "I saw the brand."

Unfortunately, the girl did not faint; she had always prided herself on being superior to such feminine weaknesses. Neither did she pass into delirium. She retained full consciousness, and knew just what happened.

They put her into a big carriage with two doctors and a woman to care for her, and

she was taken home. Just as the vehicle rolled away, some one discovered that Carleton Rhett was lying with a broken leg under the veranda, where Edward had dropped him. The man whom Uncle Hubert had seen running away must have been some other uninvited guest upon the premises. Rhett was brought into the house, and put to bed.

Owing to his injury and the excited state of his mind, it seemed unwise to question him at once. Nevertheless, he cleared up two points in the mystery voluntarily. The first related to Margaret's statement that she could confront Kate with a witness who would testify about occurrences in London. The reference was to the detective whom Sir Hubert supposed that he had sent to the great city, but who really had remained in Wrentham, bribed by Margaret to appear at the proper time and relate the story which she, with Rhett's aid, should prepare.

The second disclosure related to the brand. A wide-mouthed bottle was found in the side pocket of Rhett's coat, and its contents proved to be a weak ammoniacal solution of nitrate of silver. This fluid when put upon the skin, makes no more mark than water, at the beginning, but eventually leaves a black stain. Rhett had used the end of his little finger as a stylus in inscribing his initials on Margaret's forehead.

On the following day he readily told the whole story. He had loved her long ago, but she had never smiled upon him until the day when all Wrentham believed him the heir to his grandfather's enormous fortune. The essence of this girl's character was a fierce love of money, carefully hidden beneath the unemotional mask with which she had begun in childhood to disguise her nature. Believing that Rhett would be the richest man in those parts, Margaret promised to marry him, binding herself by a horrifying vow which he framed for her, for he alone of all her acquaintances really knew her.

When the new will was found and Rhett was cut off from the great fortune, the girl laughed in his face. Then the plan for destroying the will came into her head, and she egged him on to try it, abandoning him at once upon the failure.

While he was in prison he divided his

time between cursing her and swearing to win her at last. Returning to Wrentham after his release, he wrote the note to Miller, believing that Margaret was about to marry him. Their engagement was the last word from the outer world that he had heard before being shut up in prison.

After writing it, he secured a secret interview with Margaret and learned the true facts. He was insane, and he proved it by seriously urging her to run away with him, and she promised to do it, if he would enter into a plan for destroying Kate Stannard's reputation. She concealed him in her own house, while pretending to help Sir Hubert in his search.

Rhett finally came to know that she was only playing with him in the hope of winning Miller, and he resolved to score a unique revenge upon a woman who was and always would be false. Having some knowledge of chemistry, he secured the staining solution at a drug store. Then, on that last evening, he followed Margaret to Miller's house, with some idea of giving her a final chance to swear a new vow that he could credit. He got into the breakfast room after Sir Hubert left Margaret alone there, and a terrible interview followed, resulting in the branding.

Margaret had no idea what was being done while Rhett held her so firmly with his arm about her neck. She was frightened almost to the verge of insensibility, and scarcely felt the touch upon her forehead.

Certainly there was no mark in the first moment after the lights flashed up in the breakfast room; and Margaret felt confident enough, in the midst of all the talk about branding. But the bright glare of the electric lights hastened the development of the stain; and so the climax came.

There is no more to tell. The brand was easily enough removed with a little iodide of potassium, but the occurrence had left a stain upon her name that could not be washed away. For Rhett would not be denied, and madman as he was, he proved his case to every fair-minded person's satisfaction, leaving the brand of base and mercenary motive upon the girl who had deceived him. She left the town never to return—about a week before the wedding of Miller and Miss Stannard.

(No. X of "Tales of the Chemists' Club" will appear in the July issue.)



Savoy photo.

Jessie Millward.
Empire Theatre Company.



Savoy photo.

Mary Manning.
Who will star next season.

TOPICS OF THE THEATRE

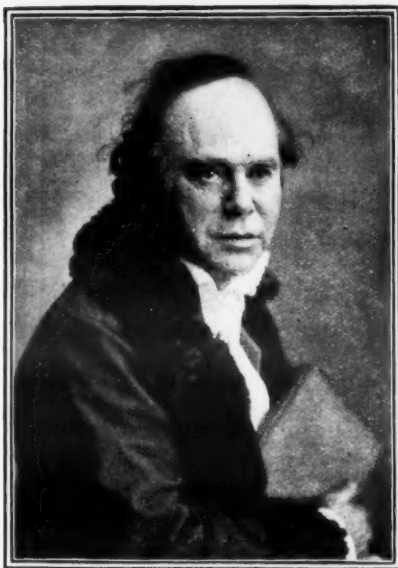
THOSE who believe that the stage exerts an influence on the morals of audiences, and those who hate stupidity in farces, must note with pleasure the decline of the so-called farce from the French. The American theatre has been overladen with farces of "The Girl from Maxim's" type until at length purifiers in pulpit and in the press have worked themselves into a frenzy. These worthy crusaders, however, would have wrought little reform if the so-called French farce had not become a synonym for vulgar staleness. People don't care to see this kind of play now because it is not worth either their time or their money. So each farce from the French

presented during the past season has been a comparative failure; and the promise of importations from the Palais Royal for the next season is exceedingly slender. Crusaders for purity in plays have also been active against what might be called the "they met at an inn" comedies. "Wheels Within Wheels" is the best example of this blend. The purpose of these comedies seems to aim at showing the cynical wit, gorgeous wardrobes and well-bred libertinism of a supposedly fashionable school of London society. The intrigue generally requires a disaffected married couple, the wife's consoling esquire, and her rescue at a critical moment



Pach photo.

Frank Belcher.
Castle Square Opera Company.



Moore Theatre Studio. Stuart Robson.
AS OLIVER GOLDSMITH.



Grace Elliston.
A Member of Daniel Frohman's Stock Co.

from social annihilation by the ingenuity and generosity of the woman without any morals. The public has tired also of this kind of play. Playwrights repeat one another and themselves so monotonously. And vice is repulsive even after being embraced, which the illustrious Mr. Pope neglected to add to his everlastingly quoted lines on the subject. Absolutely pure melodrama is to the taste of the public at present, if one may judge from the success of such compositions as "The Great Ruby" and "Hearts Are Trumps." Slathers of scenery and simple but sensational plot are the principal in-



Sarony photo. Ethel Barrymore.

Starring in "His Excellency the Governor."

gredients of "Hearts Are Trumps." Complainers have said that the show is nothing but a Bowery melodrama in a Broadway theatre and performed by a Broadway company. "Hearts Are Trumps" has this remarkable advantage, nevertheless, over the real Bowery melodrama: its dialogue is not ludicrous when meant to be tragic, and not coarse when meant to provoke laughter. There is something healthy and sane about "Hearts Are Trumps," you may be sure, because many healthy and sane people have gotten a world of enjoyment out of it. At least, it is honest in intent and accomplish-

ment, which is a high compliment to any play in these days of affectation and pseudo-brilliancy. The next step is a revival of Shakespere, if one may dare to read signs; and that will come as soon as we get the actors equal to the task.

The rival productions of "Quo Vadis" have afforded the occasion, if it were demanded, for the selection of actors to fill Shakesperian rôles. It is a lamentable fact that most of the players in both versions were found incompetent in classic garb and character. The women, in particular, were to be pitied. The play itself, it is true, supplied no extraordinary opportunities for great acting; but it is just as well it did not. One can hardly look for polished and forceful classic acting from the men and women of the stage who have been in the formative period during the past ten years. They have had no training in this line. Only the older players have learned to wear the toga. Unfortunately, they have learned also exaggerations of stride and speech which we cannot endure without a smile in this time of naturalistic art. That the Romans had a keen sense of humor, we know; and sometimes it seems too bad they should not be able to see an American wear a toga or read a "faithful" translation of a Pole's "Quo Vadis." Look eighteen hundred years into the future and in your mind's eye try to see the foremost actor of the coming race in the portrayal of *David Harum*.



Hall photo.

Cissie Loftus.



Glasotype Photo Company.

Florence Rockwell.

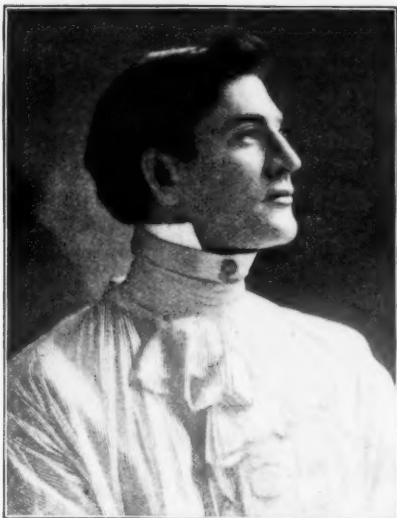
MARY HORNBECK in "Oliver Goldsmith."



Sarony photo.

Henry Miller.

Starring in "The Only Way."



Gilbert photo.

James K. Hackett.

Starring in "The Pride of Jennico."



Adele Ritchie.

In "The Belle of New York."

While we may doubt whether the Pole has done justice to the Roman, we may declare that the two American exploiters of "Quo Vadis" on the stage have done scant justice to the Pole. "Quo Vadis," the book, is a spectacular melodrama, and "Quo Vadis" in both dramatizations is mostly a melodrama and very little of a spectacle. The producers of "Ben-Hur" made, first of all, a spectacle, and then a play. "Ben-Hur" has been a success of the season. It would appear, therefore, that one has to choose between spectacle and play in the dramatization of a book like "Ben-Hur" or "Quo Vadis," and that it is wiser to bank on the spectacle.

Perhaps the most agreeable entertainment of this season has been Stuart Robson's production of "Oliver Goldsmith." The play is slight in plot, but instinct with the charm and humor of the period. *Oliver Goldsmith* probably lacked certain physical peculiarities of Stuart Robson; but Stuart Robson assuredly showed the awkward, vain and gifted doctor we have learned to love like *Mary Horneck* because of the poems he wrote.

Again, "Oliver Goldsmith" is enjoyable for the dexterously-acted *David Garrick* of Henry E. Dixey and the really artistic embodiment of *Dr. Johnson* by H. A. Weaver, Sr. Although "Oliver Goldsmith" reached New York at the fag-end of the season, and in mid-Lent, people exerted themselves to see the piece, especially because all the first-nighters spoke so highly of Stuart Robson's speech before the curtain. This speech truly in balance, drollity and point has not been equalled for a long time. The second night audience at "Oliver Goldsmith" clamored extravagantly for a speech from Stuart Robson after the second act. At length the star came forth and explained that he had been prepared to say something the first night, and that he had said it; but this call, he continued, reminded him of a certain man who was going to his wife's funeral. Just as the husband got seated in the coach his mother-in-law flung herself in beside him. "Now," muttered the husband between his teeth, "this just spoils it for me."

It was fitting that Joseph Jefferson should be the last legitimate actor to hold the stage of the Fifth Avenue Theatre before this magnifi-

cent playhouse is turned into a continuous-performance theatre. There is something melancholy in the thought that the Fifth Avenue should become another of Proctor's endless-chain show places. If it had been metamorphosed into a straight variety house like Miner's Eighth Avenue Theatre, the shock could not have been greater. And yet there are so many people who desire this style of theatre entertainment that the city of New York alone supports five continuous-performance houses.

While the continuous performance germ has been steadily eating its way into the



Russell photo.

Vivian Blackburn.
In "Papa's Wife."

heart of the theatre district, the Course of Modern Plays, through the labors principally of George Peabody Eustis and Vaughn Kester, has accomplished more in the past season than any other independent society on record. The latest play produced was "The Heather Field," by Edward Martyn, a recent enterprise of the Irish Literary Society of Dublin, in which George Moore and W. B. Yeats are the members most familiar to the general public. That the Course of Modern Plays has been true to its name may be judged from the list of plays produced since the movement began about a year ago. This



Henry E. Dixey.
AS DAVID GARRICK in "Oliver Goldsmith."



Kathryn Osterman.



Effie Fay.
In "Mam'zelle 'Awkins."



Dorothy Sherrod.
With Tim Murphy in "The Carpetbagger."

list includes Ibsen's "Ghosts," "El Gran Galeoto," by José Echegaray; "Les Tenaillies," by Paul Hervieu; "The Master-BUILDER," by Ibsen; "The Storm," by Alexander Ostrovsky, and "The Heather Field," by Edward Martyn. With "The Heather Field" as curtain raiser was played François Coppée's "Le Passant."

E. H. Sothern has gone in for some very hard work after years of a success comparatively easy to carry in matinee girl plays. His production of Hauptman's "The Sunken Bell," while not so generally satisfactory as the Irving Place Theatre performance, in the original, was distinctly commendable. Further, Mr. Sothern is to undertake "Hamlet" in the fall. This will be an experiment of more general interest than "The Sunken Bell," even the translation of which demands appreciation from a mind cast in Teutonic mold.

Florence Rockwell, who acted sympathetically, if sometimes crudely, as *Mary Horneck* in "Oliver Goldsmith," is to have the leading rôle in Joseph Arthur's drama of

Southern Indiana, entitled "Lost River." It is a long, long time since Mr. Arthur secured his great success in "Blue Jeans." Since then he has unfortunately met with failure as a dramatist. It is to be hoped that "Lost River" will mark a change in his fortunes.

Among other starring productions scheduled for next season is Robert Hilliard in a play made from Richard Harding Davis' "Van Bibber Stories."



Pach photo.
John E. Kellard.
In "The Heather Field."



Sarony photo.
Charles J. Richman.
In "Miss Hobbs."